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the BYSTANDER

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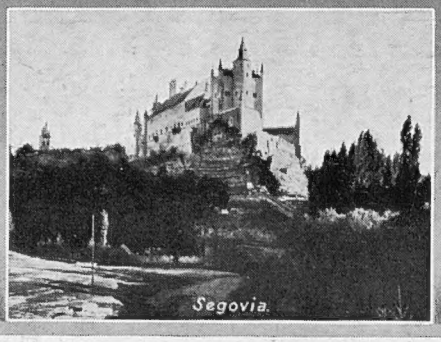
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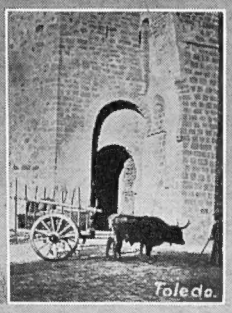
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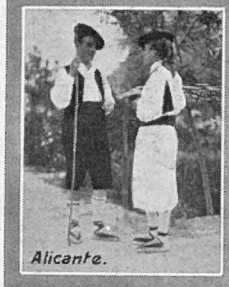
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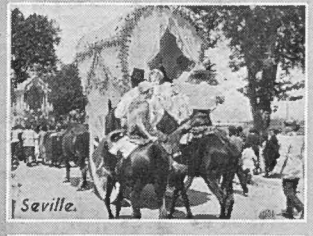
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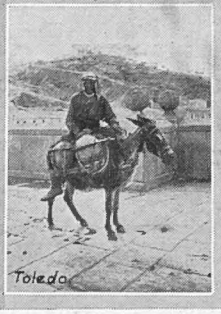
Galicia.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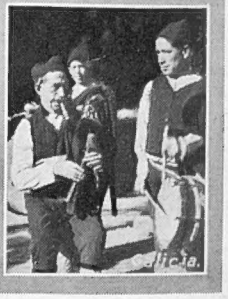
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The Bystander, October 28, 1931 No. 1454. Vol. CXII.

the BYSTANDER

Lenare

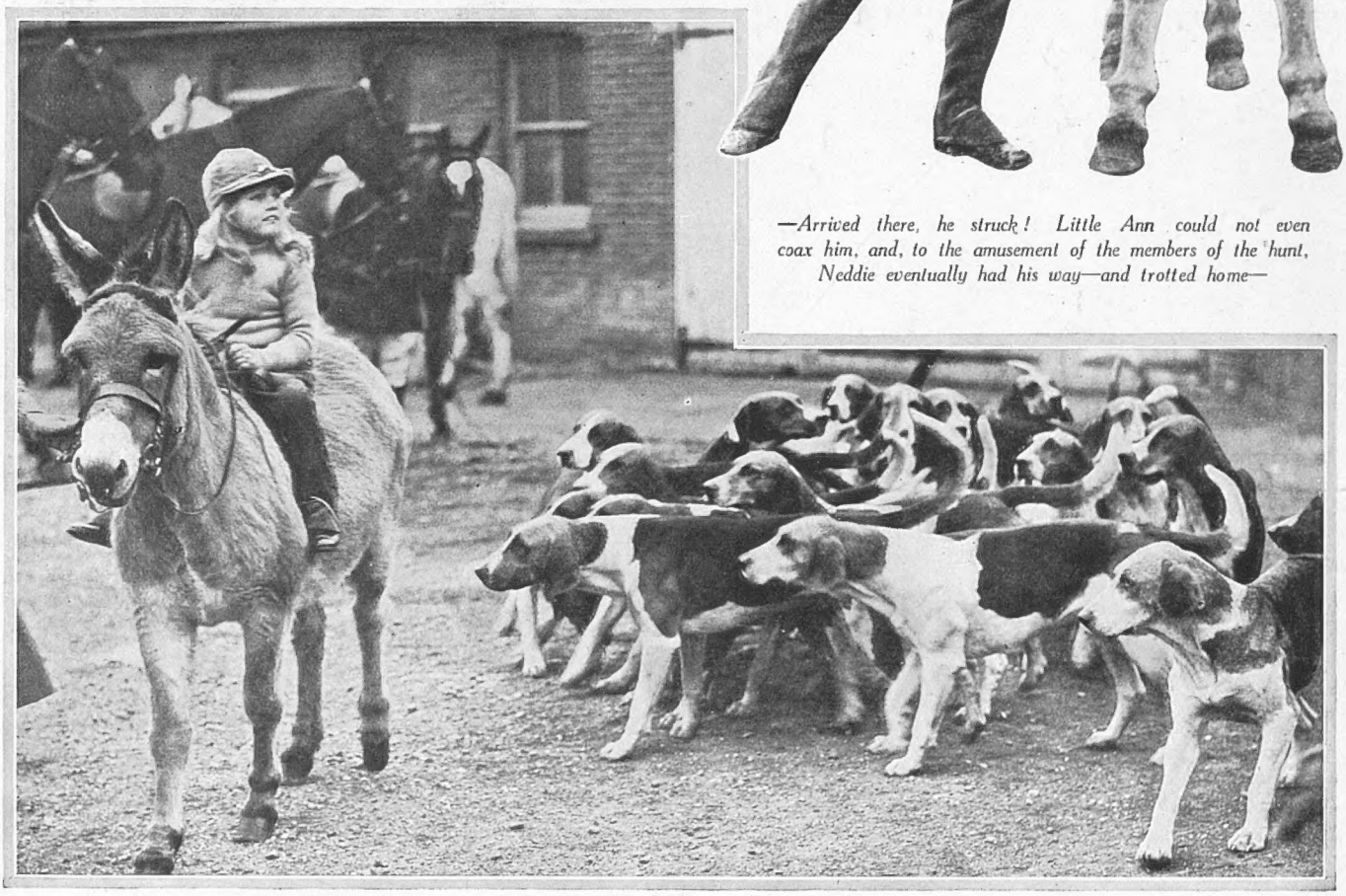
MISS PATRICIA RICHARDS

Whose engagement to the Earl of Jersey was recently announced, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Richards, of Sydney, Australia, and was presented at Court last June by Lady Ryrie, the wife of the High Commissioner in London for Australia. The Earl, who celebrated his coming-of-age last February, has seats at Osterley Park, Middlesex, Middleton Park, Bicester, and Baglan House, Briton Ferry, South Wales

Little MISS ANN and NEDDIE ATTEND a MEET

No one can say that Neddie could not jump and carry its rider, little Miss Ann Richardson, of Hurstmonceux, to the meet of the East Sussex Foxhounds. But—

—Arrived there, he struck! Little Ann could not even coax him, and, to the amusement of the members of the hunt, Neddie eventually had his way—and trotted home—



Whether Neddie disliked the hounds or thought them unduly inquisitive when they saw this new kind of steed (to them) is not known, but he maintained an air of aloof disdain until hounds moved off without him

The Duchess of York inspecting the 1st Battalion The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, of which regiment she is Colonel-in-Chief, on her recent visit to Tidworth The Duchess, who was accompanied by Lady Helen Graham, was subsequently entertained at luncheon by the officers of the regiment

the passing hour

LAST night, the most exciting night in England since November 11, 1918, was certainly an occasion that none of us in London will ever forget. Almost every hotel and restaurant naturally had a gala evening with the election results shown, and special menus, cabarets, and extensions. At the Savoy they had erected two huge screens, each equipped with ten movable panels, in the restaurant, on which each result appeared. In addition to this there was another device showing the ladders of progress, as they climbed from minute to minute, of each party. Down in the ballroom where the dancing and cabaret was held there was yet another ladder showing the state of the poll.

AT Claridge's and the Berkeley there were also screens on which the results were recorded from minute to minute. At both these hotels, as well as at the Savoy, the guests were all presented with small books in which the whole list of candidates, their constituencies, and previous majority were clearly printed. Beside each name there was a blank space which enabled one to fill in the results as they came through before you forgot them, or to show latecomers who had, unfortunately missed them.

MANY well-knowns were to be found at the Monseigneur—which Taglioni has recently left—on the occasion of the special election gala. Here Beauvais, the BYSTANDER caricaturist, enlivened proceedings with a series of cartoons of prominent politicians as the night wore on. The Dorchester, Quaglino's, and the May Fair, too, had all kinds of elaborate plans up their sleeves (the last named serving dinner at the usual price). The Embassy was as smart as ever, and had a special 12*s.* 6*d.* dinner, together with all facilities for the guests to know the latest results.

The Prince of Wales passing through the ranks of the 1st Battalion the Middlesex Regiment, to whom he presented new colours during his visit to Colchester last week. He later attended the annual Colchester Oyster Feast, and during his speech which followed, said: "I hope that both retailers and purchasers will, as far as possible, give preference to the home variety, thereby encouraging the movement for selling and buying British, which many of us have preached for so long but the importance of which the general public is apparently only just beginning to realise"

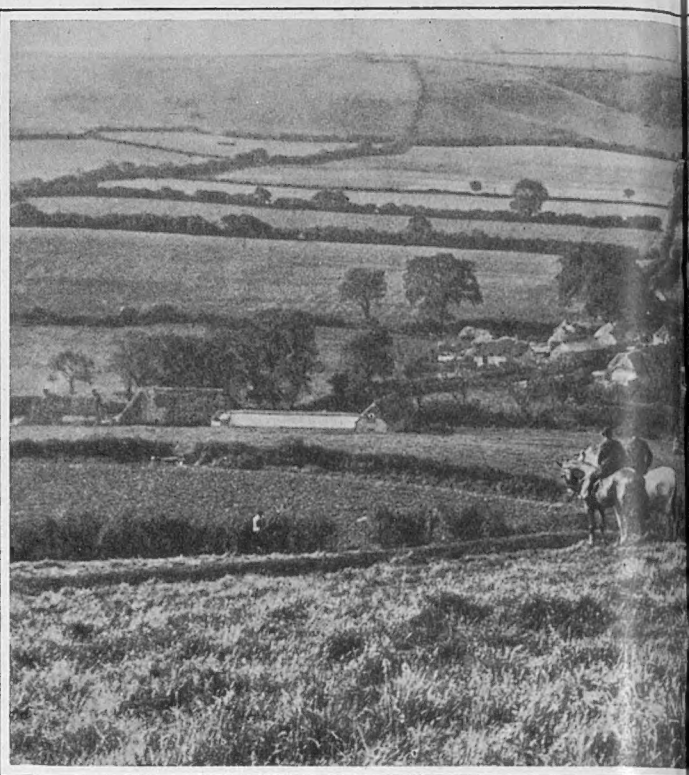
ELECTION ACTIVITIES IN OXFORD STREET

PERHAPS the most exciting place of all, however, was Selfridge's. More than 3,000 guests were present, many of whom had been dining at one of the various hotels and restaurants that I have mentioned. I have been pitying poor Mr. Winterbottom, Mr. Selfridge's secretary, almost as much as Lord Churchill during the weeks before Ascot. He has had hundreds of applications from people who had been hoping against hope that they would be invited and had been disappointed. For, after all, there is a limit to the capacity of every place, big though it may be.

ONE reason why a Selfridge election night party is always exciting is that across the street is the electric news-ribbon which spells out the latest results for the benefit of the thousands of people, many of them Labour enthusiasts, in the street. I can well remember the wild yells of joy from below in 1924 when one Socialist result after another was announced, while we in the Palm Court on the fourth floor were sitting rather glumly as we looked at the sweeping tide of Labour successes.

Next Week

The Hunting Season starts in earnest and "The Bystander" will make this great sport its special feature. The latest photographs from the hunting fields will be found in its pages, and a special article on the Quorn by "Harborough" will also be included



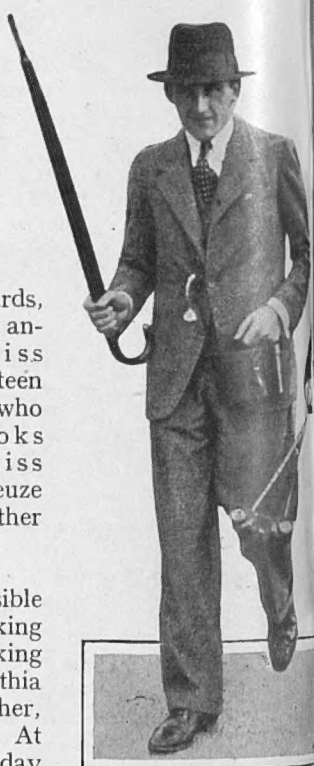
CUBBING WITH THE CATTISTOCK

Cubbing has been in full swing for some time past, and next Tuesday typical corner of the Hardy Country, near Batcombe Cross, during a Mr. A. H.

Appearances to the contrary, the above photographs were not taken in Switzerland, but within a stone's throw of Piccadilly Circus at the British Ski-ing School, in Criterion Buildings, opened by Lillywhite, the well-known sports store, where beginners and experts can practise and receive instruction on artificial snow. It is hoped that a number of ski-ing enthusiasts can be induced to give Scotland a visit this winter, and plans are being made to establish a smart Winter Sports season there. The upper photograph shows the well-known airwoman and ski-ing expert, Miss Audrey Sale-Barker, about to set off on a run at Lillywhite's School, and below four enthusiasts are seen mixing their ski-ing with a little yodelling

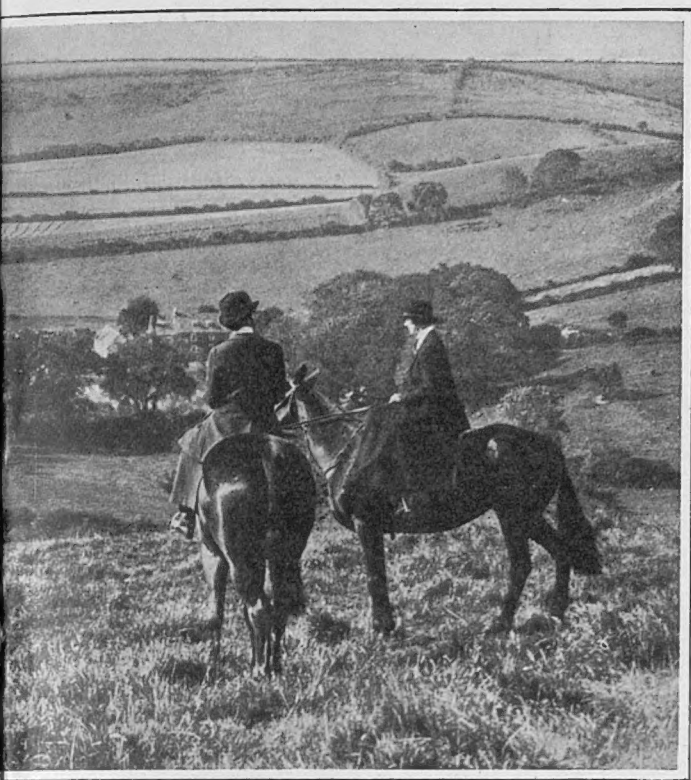
I COULD fill the whole BYSTANDER with the names of the famous who had delightedly accepted Mr. Selfridge's hospitality for last night. But I will content myself with two names—those of Lord Jersey and his Australian fiancée, Miss Pat Richards, whose engagement was announced last week. Miss Richards is only seventeen years old, and her mother, who is but thirty-seven, looks about twenty-five. Miss Richards has the real Greuze type of beauty, and her mother is extremely pretty too.

INDEED, it will be impossible to imagine a better-looking couple with better-looking mothers-in-law. Lady Cynthia Slessor, Lord Jersey's mother, is a very beautiful woman. At Osterley Park the other day when Lord Jersey was introducing his fiancée to his relations, the younger generation of this widespread family were



Mr. R. More O'Farrell and race meeting at the Curragh bridgeshire was run. The the 100-6 outsider, Rada, Royal (Dines up)

OUT WITH HORSE AND HOUND



IN THE DORSET COUNTRY

will see the general start of hunting proper. Above is seen a cubbing meet of the Cattistock, the Master of which is Higginson

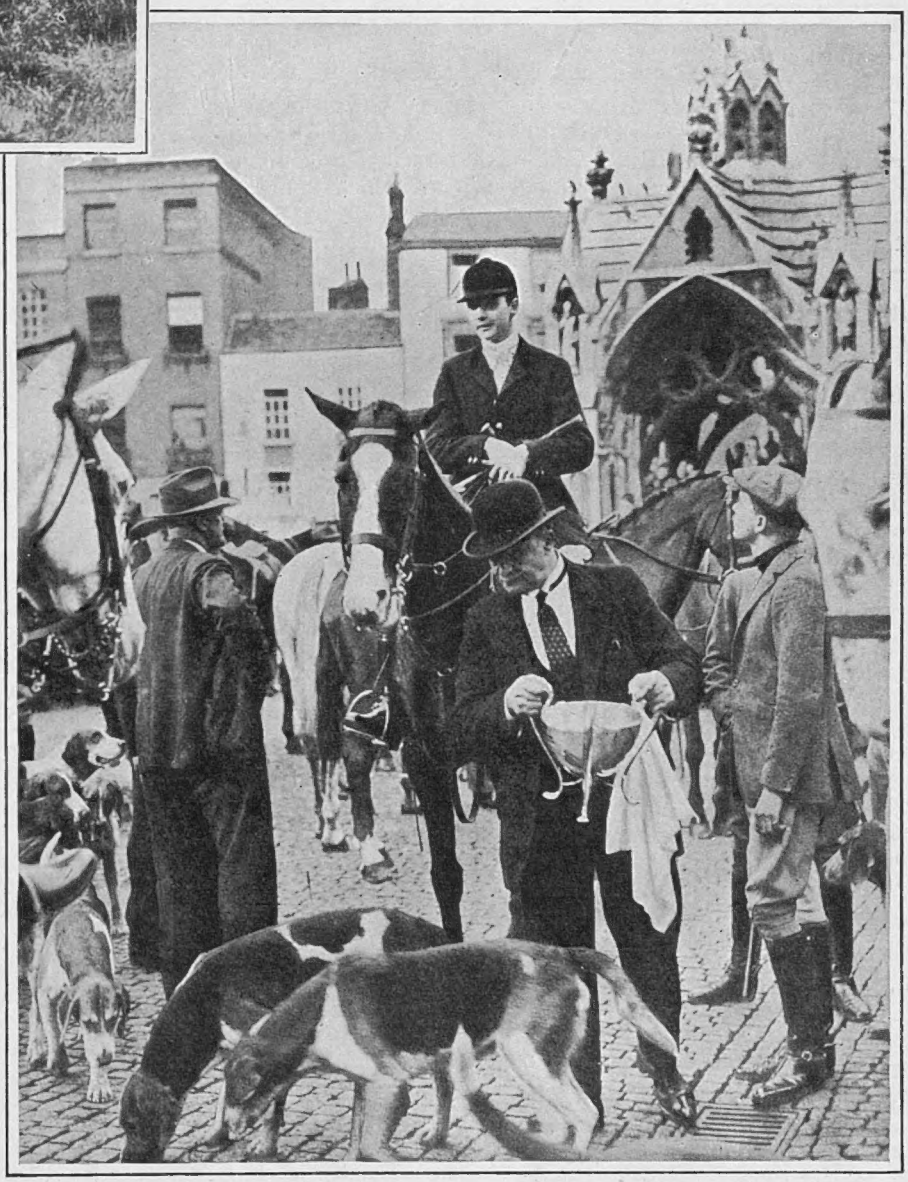
also noticeably good-looking. It is curious how sudden has been the rush to marriage among them. Lord Jersey's cousin, Mr. Rhys, Lord Dynevor's son, was married only three months ago. Three months before that his cousin, Mr. Robin Leigh, was married. In a few days' time his cousin, Mr. Frank Pakenham, is to get married, while Lord Jersey himself hopes to get married, I believe, in February, by which time his fiancée will be eighteen.

Lady Milbanke seen at the on the day the Irish Cam- ace resulted in a victory for he favourite, Astronomer inishing second

ONE of the guests at Osterley was recalling that after this marriage she will have known no fewer than five Lady Jerseys. The first was the famous Sarah Lady Jersey, who before her marriage was Lady Sarah Fane, the daughter of Miss Childe, the banker's daughter, and Lord Westmorland who eloped so dramatically a hundred years ago —to Gretna Green I think. She lived to a great age. Then there was her daughter-in-law, the next Lady Jersey, whose father was Sir Robert Peel, the famous Prime Minister.

NEXT comes the Dowager Lady Jersey, who is very much alive to-day, and one of the most brilliant people of her time. There is also, of course, Lady Cynthia Slessor, who after the death of the last Lord Jersey married again. Finally, there will be the new Lady Jersey. This must be very nearly a record, I fancy.

TO change the subject for a moment. One of the most successful, cheerful, and crowded cocktail parties I have ever been to was given by Madame de Pena at her house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. Among the guests were Mr. Dale Bourn and Miss Margaret Whigham, who were both laughing at the widespread rumour that they are secretly engaged. Mr. Bourn, by the way, has been taking John Gilbert, the film star, round London. One of the first things that Gilbert did after his arrival was to go round and see Jack Buchanan.



A scene at the opening meet of the Cambridge University Draghounds, held in the Market Square whilst that indispensable adjunct, the stirrup-cup, was circulating. Mounted in the centre is seen Mr. Kenneth Urquhart, the Master

CRUSHING TAXATION AND ITS SEQUEL

A BARONIAL HALL FOR NOTHING!

That's what taxation has done for the "capitalists," for Sir Richard Paget is now offering his country seat, Cranmore Hall, near Shepton Mallet, a view of which appears on the right, rent free to the tenant who cares to pay the rates and taxes on it, since heavy taxation prevents him from keeping the mansion open. Sir Richard hopes by this means to keep his staff in employment and the place in repair

MR. BOURN tells me that Gilbert is an extraordinarily nice fellow to meet, and not at all the kind of person you would expect someone who is known as "the perfect lover" to be. Meantime, poor Gilbert has taken to his bed with a heavy cold, but he is going to be here for at least three weeks, and so his admirers will no doubt see a lot of him.

AT this party I also saw Lord Tennyson, who is soon to take a cricket team to tour the West Indies—or is it the Bermudas?—I forget which. He seemed in very good form. Barbara Back, who is now such a successful short-story writer, was wearing a hat tilted at such an angle that only a broad band on the left side of the head held it into position. I expect we shall see several more of her stories soon.

THE two Beaton Sisters, who have not been much in evidence recently, were both there. So, too, were Mrs. Philip Kindersley and Miss Vivienne St. George, whose great friend, Miss Isabel McCreery, has returned from Italy, and is now down in Somerset, where she hopes to get a lot of hunting. Mrs. Richard McCreery, her mother, has just taken a large house in Hyde Park Square until Christmas, and will probably do some entertaining there.

IT is difficult, indeed, to think of any of the younger generation who was not there. Lady Seafield, for example, was holding court in one corner of the room. Captain Derek Murphy, who used to be in the Irish Guards and then became a stockbroker, also put in an appearance. The peripatetic Mr. Jim Lawrence, the inimitable Mr. Edward Tatham, and, of course, Madame de Pena herself all added to the liveliness of the party.

Lenare

Miss Molly Gibson-Jarvie, who was married at Brompton Oratory on Thursday last to Surgeon-Lieutenant E R P Williams, R.N. The Oratory was packed out, and the reception at the Savoy which followed was a great success. She is the daughter of the well-known banker and economist, Mr. J. Gibson-Jarvie

Lenare

LADY MURIEL PAGET

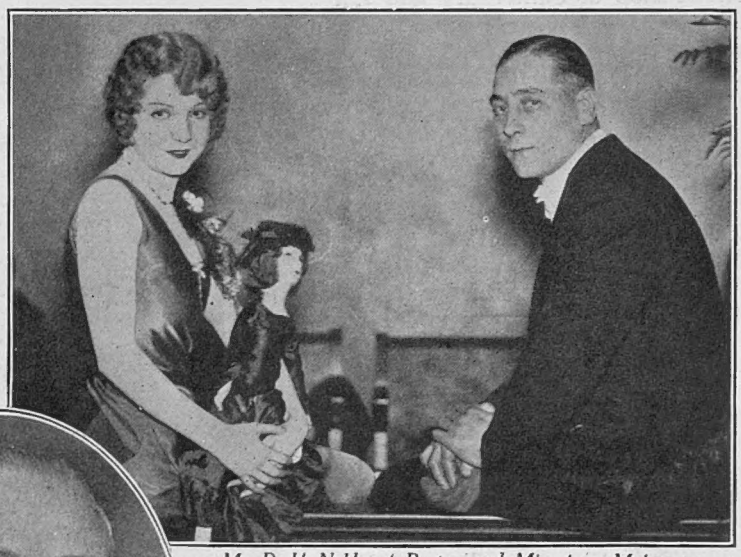
Whose husband, Sir Richard Paget, has been obliged to adopt the methods described on the left above to save their country seat, Cranmore Hall. Everyone hopes that before long the new Government will stop the present extortionate taxation

I HAD just come back from a flying visit to Harrogate, where the season seems to be still going strong. Unfortunately, in a rash moment, I tried the effect of sipping both the iron water and the sulphur water. Alas! for my curiosity. It is not generally known that these two waters, if poured into the same tumbler, immediately assume an inky colour. I had not been told this. But I can very well believe it now. I had acute pains for at least twenty-four hours!

DURING my ill-starred visit to the Royal Baths, I was told that there have been 250,000 people taking the waters this year, including Princess Helena Victoria. The

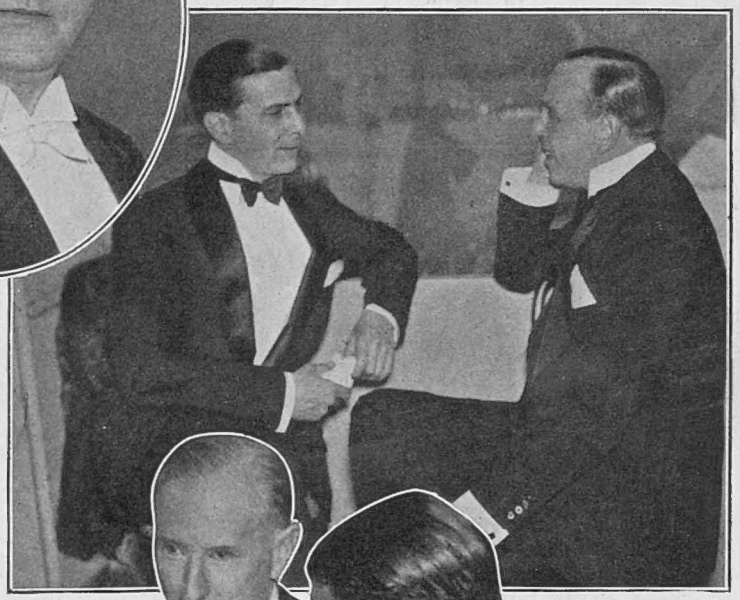
(Continued on page 168)

THE MOTOR BALL AT GROSVENOR HOUSE



Mr. D. H. Noble, of Rootes, and Miss Joan Molyneux sit out one of the fox-trots during the Motor Ball at Grosvenor House. Miss Molyneux, it will be noted, is provided with a decidedly Victorian-looking chaperon

A chat between dances. Miss Elizabeth Allen (left), Mr. Barry O'Brien, Miss Phyllis Konstam the film actress, and her fiancé, Mr. "Bunny" Austin, the famous lawn tennis player. The ball was a great success and most of the leading members of the motor world were present



A busman's holiday that was thoroughly enjoyed. Mme. Danilova the première danseuse in "Waltzes from Vienna," at the Alhambra, and Mr. Terry Rendle take the dance floor, but do not take their pleasures sadly. The ball brought a host of well-known motoring folk to Grosvenor House last week

Sasha

A quiet chat on this and that. In the upper photograph, Mr. W. C. Rootes and Mr. G. S. Blatt, of Packard car fame, find much of mutual interest to discuss, and in the lower photograph Mr. E. M. C. Instone, the President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and a friend are seen discussing the supper at the Motor Ball and Carnival, which was under the patronage of Prince Arthur of Connaught

TAKING THE CURE AT HARROGATE

(Continued from page 166).

Archbishop of Canterbury had left a few days before. It appears that among the regular visitors every year are the Duchess of Newcastle, the dowager Lady Harcourt, Lady Liverpool, Lady Ailesbury and Lady Ranfurly among the women; and Lord Southampton, Lord Wharton, Lord Glanely, Lord Powerscourt, Lord Heneage, Lord Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Bethell, Lord Mostyn, Lord Headfort and Lord Tentenden among the men. I hope for their sakes that most of them only take the iron water and not the sulphur water, though some people actually acquire a taste for this.

To revert to the subject of engagements, a letter has reached me from the Royal Albanian Legation, which is in Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, to say that Princess Ruhie of Albania, whose photograph appeared in the October 14 issue of THE BYSTANDER, is not after all engaged. M. Dibohova, the Albanian Chargé d'Affaires, assures me earnestly that the rumour has been circulated by someone "with a tendencious intent." I am glad to be able to quote him to this effect. Whilst on the subject of marriages, I now learn that the wedding between Squadron-Leader Geoffrey H. Cock, M.C., and Miss Pamela Hoare-Ward, photographs of which appeared in our last issue, took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton, and not at the Oratory, as we stated, and take this early opportunity of giving publicity to the fact.

To return to the General Election, which, after all, is the most important topic of the week, I feel that the real heroes of that struggle were those

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF THINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Esmond Knight arriving at Grosvenor House with a goshawk and hooded falcon to take part in the dress rehearsal of the "Merrie England" Ball, to be held there on Tuesday, November 3. They will initiate guests into the art of falconry during the proceedings, which will include a Maypole and Old English dancing

Mr. Noel Fraser Nickols and Miss Bridget Harbord leaving All Saints' Church, Kirk Deighton, Yorkshire, after their wedding last week. The bride is the eldest daughter of Capt E. Harbord, D.S.O., M.C., and of Mrs. Harbord, of Kirk Deighton Hall, near Wetherby

Ethel Eadon

TWO YORKSHIRE WEDDINGS

Mr. R. H. Drabble and Miss Doreen Avis Potter photographed after their wedding at St. John's Church, Radmoor, last week. With them are the best man, Mr. Percy G. Potter, and the bridesmaids, the Misses Gladys Potter, Elsie Spafford, P. Hemsley, E. Froggatt, Ailda, Anice and Pat Potter Rosemary Greaves and Pauline Spafford

HEROES OF THE GENERAL ELECTION

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF THINGS

Lord Aranmore and Browne, the Hon. Joanna Douglas, a granddaughter of the Earl of Morton, and the Hon. Mrs. Mordaunt-Smith, the former's sister, turn their hand to helping Navy League charities by turning the handle of a barrel-organ on Trafalgar Day. They are seen setting off through the West End to soothe the savage breast of passers-by with music and lure from them largesse in a good cause

men who, putting the interests of country before personal interests, stood down in order that there might be unity in their particular constituencies, and to such men as Mr. Edward Hulton, who gave Mr. Pybus a clear field at Harwich, and Capt. Cunningham-Reid, we certainly owe a meed of praise. Not so very long ago the latter was selected by the St. Marylebone Constitutional Union Council to be their candidate, and when Sir Rennell Rodd, the sitting member, later decided that, after all, he would stand again, there were many who, feeling that their decision evidently counted for nothing, urged Capt. Cunningham-Reid to put forward his claim when a candidate was being adopted three weeks ago.

Sasha

Last week in publishing pictures of the opening of the new Aladdin Lamp factory at Greenford we inadvertently described wrongly the two principals, whose photographs appear above. They are Miss Allen, a director and the Secretary of Aladdin Lamp Industries, Ltd., and Mr. Jack Imber, the Chairman. They believe in providing ideal working conditions for their employees

HOWEVER, feeling that this was no time for internecine warfare, he refused to do so and told the Central Office that he would willingly fight any seat no matter how hopeless the chances seemed, but the Powers-that-Be apparently imagined that there was no such thing as a forlorn-hope constituency. Capt. Cunningham-Reid then gave further proof of his loyalty to the cause by canvassing no fewer than seventeen constituencies with a loud-speaker van, addressing huge audiences by this means. Conservatives in St. Marylebone will certainly do themselves a very bad turn if ever they lose sight of Capt. Cunningham-Reid!

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

"Thanks very much for The Waif." I return the compliment from several readers. The Waif won for us at 20 to 1.

Now for the Cambridgeshire. LINK BOY was a decent price in the market when I suggested a wager on him. I am having a saver on ANTHURIUM each way.

Keep an eye on the following horses:

ADA DEAR is very smart at the gate and very speedy, but at Doncaster she was always fighting a losing battle against MANNAMEAD. She was a "springer" in the market.

PRINCESS DU QUART Filly was unlucky at the start at Sandown, but came through the field with a wonderful burst of speed close home. A sure money spinner! Was strongly supported.

THRIFT Colt must be backed for engagements in the North. Showed up prominently in a thrilling finish.

LADY ALL ALONE is one to note during the closing weeks of the season. Is very fit.

YELLOWSTONE is making improvement and should pick up a nursery.

NOTICE BOARD is none the worse for his Cesarewitch effort, and I fancy his chance in the Rutland Handicap.

A BRIDE OF LAST WEEK *Lenare*

Miss Katharine Runciman, who defied superstition by being married on Friday to the Hon. Oliver Farrer, the younger son of Lord Farrer of Abinger. She is the younger daughter of the Rt. Hon. Walter and Mrs. Runciman and a granddaughter of Sir Walter Runciman

AT THE PLAY

"CAVALCADE"—NOEL COWARD'S MASTER

Alfred Bridges (Fred Groves), formerly a butler to the Marryots, causes considerable consternation in the domestic camp when, a "spirited" member of the C.I.V., he returns home after the South African War to be greeted by Ellen Bridges (Una O'Connor), a small offspring, and an admiring domestic staff

"Cavalcade," at Drury Lane

I SEE nothing exceptionally meritorious in Noel Coward having arrived at the age of thirty-two, with several good plays to his credit. He is fortunate enough to have been born with brains, and, at the same time, with the knack of being able to put in a vast amount of work in the business of using them. But this youth fashion is being overdone, not by the man himself, but by those who sit at his feet. It has not even the merit of originality. Congreve wrote *The Old Bachelor* when he was nineteen. Sheridan's career as a dramatist was virtually finished at twenty-seven.

NO, the impression uppermost in my mind after seeing and enjoying *Cavalcade* was not that Mr. Coward had written a good play, but that he had been clever enough to refrain from writing one. I do not say that Drury Lane must never have a good play again, but I do say that it would have been foolish, and even dangerous, to give it one now. When a patient has been fed on slops for a long period it is risky, as well as wasteful, suddenly to give him lobster thermidor, game, a rich sweet, and "angels on horseback." The Drury Lane audience is to some extent a thing apart, and we must not forget that for a long time Sir Alfred Butt dosed it with nit-witted stuff from America of the *Rose Marie* and *Desert Song* type. Messrs. Coward and Cochran knew that they would have to change the bowling, if I may change the metaphor at the same time. But they had the sense not to change it too violently.

SO they decided to keep the spectacle and the sensation (but to rub in the British note), to add nothing incomprehensible or clever-clever, and only to substitute sound sentiment for unsound sentimentality. The result is an entertainment which can rival any previous production on that historic stage, and beat into nothingness its immediate predecessors.

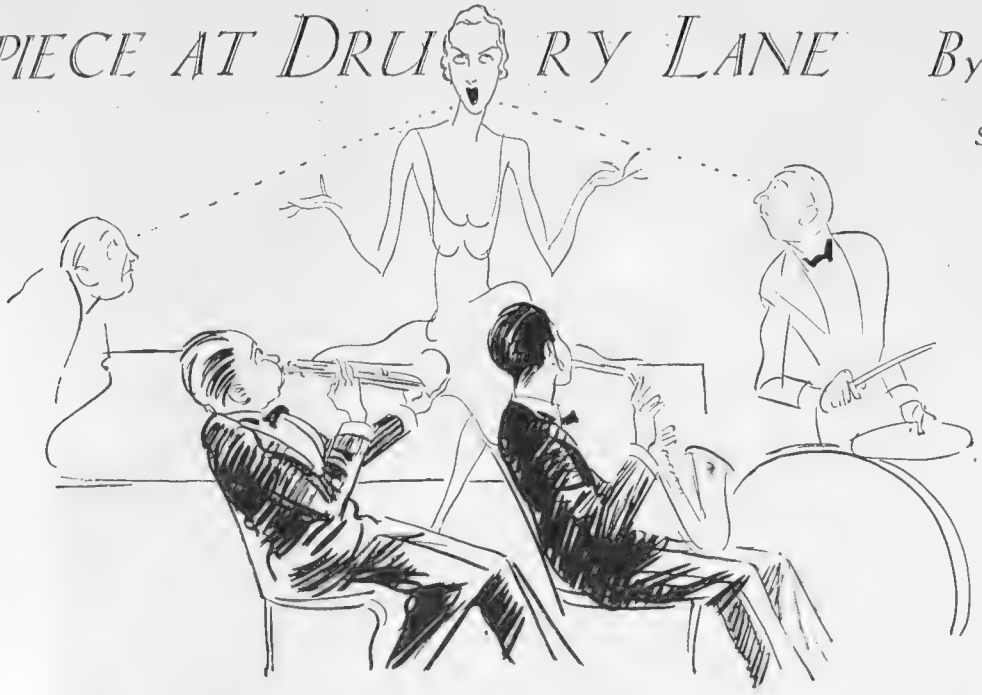
The means are so simple, too. Take a middle-class family—no need to make a play of them—and show the effect on that family of outstanding national events over a period of thirty-seven years or so (in this case 1899-1931), and the thing is done. It must be done well, of course. Mr. Coward has seen to that and so has Mr. Cochran, who has obviously given him carte blanche in

Tidings of the declaration of war reach the Marryot family on Tuesday, August 4, 1914. Robert Marryot (Edward Sinclair), Margaret Harris (Irene Browne), and Jane Marryot (Mary Clare) have their quiet rudely shattered by the loud-voiced announcement of young Joe Marryot (John Mills), who is all for joining up at once as a jolly spree

PIECE AT DRURY LANE

By Franklyn Morris

SKETCHES BY H. H. HARRIS



Edith Harris (Alison Leggatt) sings a modern Blues in a night club during the rowdy New Year's Eve celebrations on December 31, 1930. Her low tones apparently cause the orchestra a certain amount of anxiety

the matter of production expenses. But I hold to my point that Mr. Coward is to be congratulated not so much on what he has achieved, but on his subtle wisdom in restraining himself from attempting to achieve too much.

IN short, a better and a stronger peg than the adventures of the unfortunate Marryot family on which to hang the spectacle would have upset the balance altogether. It would have resulted in something interesting, but that result would not have been *Cavalcade*, or anything as suitably effective.

I BELIEVE there are some silly-superior people who are lamenting that their Noel has fallen from grace. They miss in the vast spaces of Drury Lane the smart and witty chatter about a set that is not really smart or witty at all. They sigh for a "problem," dished up with a few epigrammatic Noelisms. They want sex—and *Cavalcade* is as devoid of sex as is an Eisteddfod. What they have in exchange is a succession of pageant-like historical scenes and, sandwiched between them, a few sketches about a married couple over whom pass two wars, the loss of two sons, the death of a great queen, and some low life below stairs. Those events leave them greyer about the head, but wishing each other a Happy New Year at the close of the play, just as they did at the beginning.

SOME few people—and one knows the type so well—may have been (and, indeed, were) bored by this. Hundreds of thousands will lap it up for months and months, and will be all the better for it. What is more, they will swallow the powder—a Message that the British Empire is rather exciting and worth getting excited about—just because the right sort of jam is mixed with it. And that jam is a sense of the theatre which Noel Coward possesses.

IN *Cavalcade* I am convinced that in organising that final display, with its spread of the Union Jack, Tommies in hospital blue, and so forth, Noel Coward was absolutely sincere. With less theatre sense, however, its sincerity would have stood for nothing, and it might have crashed badly. "Patriotism is not enough" is as true when applied to theatrical affairs as to l'affaire Cavell. Yet we should not overlook the significance of a brilliant young dramatist coming out on the side of love of country, love of decent sentiment, and love of sanity at a time where there is a tendency to regard all these elements as unclever and unfashionable. *Cavalcade* will do more than put money, a great deal of money, into the pockets of Mr. Coward, Mr. Cochran, and the Drury Lane shareholders.

THE casting has been a shrewd process. Instead of enormous salaries being paid to one or two stars, a handful of competent actors and actresses have been engaged, and dozens of handfuls of small-part players and walkers-on. I thought Miss Mary Clare did, ably, if not with memorable brilliance, all that was required of her as the mother; a dazzling personality would have upset things. Miss Una O'Connor was particularly fine in her later scenes, and good work came from Mr. Fred Groves, Miss Irene Browne, and Miss Strella Wilson, who excelled in the only amusing episode, the burlesque of a musical comedy of 1900.

For *Cavalcade* is sombre as well as exciting, as befits a melodrama. Yet it is not a melodrama so much as a melodramatic pageant that makes one think. F. M.

The toast is England! Margaret Harris (Mary Clare) despite her personal sufferings and the chaotic conditions existing on New Year's Eve 1930, has not lost faith in her country, and drinks to "This England which we love so well, that she may find dignity, peace, and greatness again"

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-two-three . . . Baa? Hello, dear, do answer your telephone at once, I'm in a hurry. . . . Now the election is settled I have to do all those things I have left undone. . . . I hope we will see some of our younger royalty again . . . in gay haunts. . . . One restaurant in particular has seemed quite bare without them. . . . I am so pleased about Lord Jersey's engagement. . . . Pat Richards is a darling . . . she was a terrific success last season . . . in fact, I believe that her evening engagements . . . literally had to be made a month ahead . . . a determined young person she is too . . . in spite of wide, gentle eyes. . . .

The Earl of Jersey and his fiancée, Miss Patricia Richards, caught by the camera at his Middlesex seat, Osterley Park. A studio portrait of Miss Richards, who is an Australian and was presented at Court this year, appears on our frontispiece this week

* * *

I HEAR rumours of an engagement in the Lygon family. . . . I wonder if it is true . . . to a very run-after young man . . . with the ducal strawberry leaves in the family. . . . I saw pretty Joan Guinness . . . being an efficient politician's wife at Bath . . . she is very popular there . . . she told me that her lovely mother, Mrs. Wessel, is having a slight operation, but that as soon as she is well . . . she is sailing for the South Seas . . . her husband owns a sailing yacht . . . they may be away nearly two years . . . it sounds a divine trip . . . don't you think so, Baa? . . .

* * *

DAPHNE WEYMOUTH was a great success at Frome . . . she has such a charming manner . . . on and off the platform . . . and an eager . . . vital . . . way of proving her point. . . . Diana Churchill was also a big election success and has a lot of her father's eloquence and convincing attraction . . . poor Wanda Baillie-Hamilton seemed rather sad during the last weeks with all her friends taking part and talking of little but politics . . . but Charlie is abroad . . . he has not been well for some time.

* * *

"WHO is our smartest Duchess?" someone asked the other day. . . . It sounded a nice snobby question . . . so everyone joined in . . . personally I think the Duchess of Roxburghe . . . she has the most charming clothes and always wears a spray of flowers . . . she is very intelligent and entertaining . . . how nice Americans are . . . they never let you feel that "I've got-nothing-to-say-and-wouldn't-if-I-had" atmosphere. . . . Betty Lawson-Johnstone is a great success in London . . . her greatest friend is Thelma Furness, and they are generally together . . . and you can guess who completes the four with Ormande Lawson-Johnstone. . . .

* * *

SOMEONE we know very well, Baa, and often talk about, has dropped her diamond initialled vanity case in the most compromising circumstances. She is awfully worried. . . . I found her at the Ritz almost in tears. . . . Yes, I admire the Begum Aga Khan, she is so chic and so very, very attractive . . . in the true sense of the word . . . they seem so happy together . . . herself and the Aga . . . and why not? I have never heard anyone find the latter anything but charming. . . . The Begum is great friends with Mythe Leigh . . . and they make a perfect contrast . . . everyone was commenting on them the other night . . . the Begum small . . . dark . . . vivacious . . . Mythe tall and blonde . . . with the poise of a sophisticated American. . . .

* * *

TALKING of dark beauties, Cathleen Nesbitt, in "The Case of the Frightened Lady," does her hair in a new way . . . parted in the centre and into a bun at the nape of her neck . . . and she looks so like Thelma Furness . . . of whom I was just talking . . . it is extraordinary how hair will alter you . . . one of our young and lovely royalties showed me the other day how she could look Greta Garbo-ish . . . and she did a perfect imitation with the aid of a comb. . . .

* * *

WHAT a lot of nice-looking young men there are about these days. . . . Lord Rosse . . . and Leonard Ropner . . . Jim Lawrence . . . Harold Warrender . . . Randolph Churchill . . . all bachelors. What are we girls doing, Baa? . . . My dear, you know this craze for wood jewellery . . . so smart in a time of crisis . . . well, someone, I daren't say who . . . has had a wooden necklace made into which she puts her famous and very valuable pearl one . . . a kind of mummy case . . . don't you think it is funny? I must go, but first of all wish me luck to-night . . . yes, I hope so . . . after some hard angling, though! . . . Au revoir. . . .

Mrs. Glen Kidston, the widow of the famous airman who was killed whilst flying in Africa, and Mr E. C. R. Sheffield, the second son of Sir Berkeley and Lady Sheffield, whose engagement was recently announced. Mrs. Kidston was formerly Miss Nancy Soames

BY HYNES

"Lean back a bit, Oscar, I want to crack that cat's lantern with these rocks"

if Gossip we must

Charles Townsend (Arthur Margetson) and Kitty Fane (Gladys Cooper) saying farewell in a scene from "The Painted Veil" at the Playhouse, after the latter's husband has discovered the intrigue. Faced with the choice of divorce or accompanying her husband to a cholera-infested district in the Far East, she chooses the latter alternative

"THE fight is o'er, the battle won." As if the ecstasy of quoting a hymn—ancient or modern, I forget which—for political purposes were not enough, there is the fact that when these lines are published the battle *will* have been won. That is to say, they are written (it is not their fault, poor things!) before polling day. If there is no virtue in being wise after an event, let us make the most of the undoubted virtue of being wise before it. Perhaps there is courage, too, in taking a chance. It is a quality many of our leaders lacked through the election campaign, which—like the heathen—has been raging furiously.

THERE was such a tendency to ignore tariffs, which were really the thing we were fighting about and for, and even to apologise for them, that I am wondering what will be done about them even now. Not nearly deeply enough is it realised that the Conservatives, if boldly led, could have won out off their own bat, and would not then have hanging on to their heels an odd crowd of human brakes and potential mischief-makers. The Conservative sacrifice was the greatest of all, not only because they omitted to contest at least fifty seats which they could have won, but because a Conservative withdrawal meant that the Liberal or MacDonald-Socialist candidate received the undivided Conservative vote, though a Labour or Liberal withdrawal gave no such guarantee to the Conservative. Yet all along one found eminent Conservative figures, with the outstanding exception of Lord Beaverbrook and a few stalwarts like General Page-Croft, prevaricating and wobbling about tariffs, showing unwillingness even to mention them. In short, there has been a lot of funk about. And on this tariff question it is still existing.

THE idea that the working man is, or ever was, opposed to tariffs is fantastic. The Socialist press, which throughout the fighting has shown a determination not to be beaten, at any rate where political and journalistic dishonesty are concerned, have made much of staging that worn-out and unrealistic comedy—Protection *v.* the Working

The dog it was that died! Walter Fane, dying of the cholera he hoped his wife would catch, is nursed by Kitty Fane in another scene from Bartlett Cormack's dramatised version of Somerset Maugham's novel, "The Painted Veil"

Mary Clare making up for one of her scenes in Noel Coward's spectacular success, "Cavalcade," at Drury Lane. She has no fewer than seventeen changes of costume and wears sixteen different wigs during the course of the play, in which she gives a wonderfully clever and sincere performance

A snapshot of Noel Coward taken a short time ago at Antibes, where he was putting the finishing touches to his play, "Cavalcade"

Man. Yet one had only to attend, as I did, Labour meetings and to see the working man heckling, with a good supply of knowledge and common sense, the Free Trade speakers to realise that this was not only a comedy, but a farce.

S

THE Liberals may feel a trifle sore. If so, it is from the soreness that comes of sitting so long on a fence. Only a very few of them count at all now. They have come to the end of their tether, and only had a tactical importance in that they held the key—and a pretty fair mess they made of holding it. Mr. Lloyd George still has the capacity for doing mischief, but even that is not what it was; he put himself out of serious reckoning by his advice to Liberals without a candidate of their own to vote Labour, because there was no possibility of Labour getting in. Could party pettiness go farther than that?

S

FORWARD, then, to tariffs and a united and prosperous Empire! That is the motto. Just as some have apologised for tariffs, far more apologise for the Empire and disdain to show any interest in it, as if such interest were bad form or something of the sort. What is required is not less talk about the Empire, but more. The Empire needs some ruling, and it will never be ruled by lukewarm people who, so far from their hearts being in the job, are fond, both by their words and by their attitude, of suggesting doubts as to whether the job should have been taken on at all. There is too much tendency to regard the British Empire as something believed in only by Bateman colonels, jingoists, music-hall patriots, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, with, as a slightly démodé picture in the background, a statue of Queen Victoria being saluted by soldiers from the Dominions, with "Bobs" and "K. of K." in the centre foreground. It is not. But if it were all these things—and there is virtue in all of them—it would be preferable to the formless contraption that would be left of the Empire if the bribing-for-votes, disarm-at-once, welcome-to-the-dumping-foreigner, and God-bless-Gandhi and our-Russian-comrydes contingent were to work their unsweet will on it for long. The Election has checked this nasty growth. But the weed-killer which will stamp it out completely has not yet been invented, and probably never will be.

S

ONE last word as to tariffs—and an Irish word. Mr. Comyns Beaumont has drawn upon his enthusiastic head the courteous wrath of the High Commissioner for the Irish Free State as the result of his recent article in THE BYSTANDER entitled "Ireland as I Saw Her." It seems that he did not see her with quite the same eye as the I.F.S. High Commissioner, who is of the opinion that Ireland is "playing a dignified part in the development of the British Commonwealth of Nations," and that Mr. Beaumont's hints of a certain degree of unfriendliness on the part of Ireland towards this country are not based on facts.

S

SINCE we have always believed in hard hitting that is also fair hitting, and in letting the other fellow have his say (this policy resulted in an amusingly amicable last act to our squabble with another, but not a Free State, Irishman, Mr.

"Why don't you 'it 'im, Bill?"
"I c-can't see 'im"
"Then 'it 'im from mem'ry!"

BY FRANK FORD

A scene from the new pageant play dealing with the life of Raherc, founder of Bart's Hospital, which is being produced in aid of the hospital for a four weeks' season in the church of St. Bartholomew the Great. King Henry I (Mr. T. Heslewood) and ladies of the Court are seen interviewing a peasant woman

St. John Ervine), we are delighted to give prominence to the aforesaid High Commissioner's statement that the Irish Free State bought goods valued at over four million pounds more than the value of Irish goods bought by England, and that the few small tariffs which have been adopted in the I.F.S. give a big preference to English manufactured goods.

I would cap this by saying that when a sensible tariff is brought in, as it will be, Ireland, as part of the Empire having a preference, will increase her sales vastly, and have every reason for becoming more friendly than ever.

IT is a long time since Ireland has had a Royal visitor—what an enthusiastic welcome the Prince of Wales would get if he hunted in Ireland!—and I cannot trace the last time the Duke of Connaught visited the province from which he takes his title. The veteran Duke I caught sight of in Pall Mall the other day. Plenty of people recognised the handsome old man, and raised their hats to him, every salute being meticulously returned. There are disgruntled and unpleasant people to-day who would call this sort of thing servility and lackeyism, and so forth. It is nothing of the kind. It

The Savoy Hotel Orpheans, one of the most brilliant dance orchestras ever heard in London. They are under the leadership of the world-famous saxophonist, Howard Jacobs, seen standing in the centre, and their numbers include Carroll Gibbons, who fulfilled a similar office with the old Orpheans. They are playing in the Restaurant each evening and also at the Thés Dansants, and, starting on November 26, will broadcast every Friday night

CAUSE AND EFFECT

It is a queer picture—the mysterious Garbo stirring potatoes and frying a steak and then sitting down at the kitchen table to eat her solitary dinner, when all over the world there were thousands of admirers longing to set the handiwork of the greatest chefs before her.—*Extract from "The Secret Life of Greta Garbo," in the "Sunday Express."*

I CANNOT watch La Garbo
Vamping victims on the screen,
Without a violent urge to go
Round to the Ritz or Monico
And bid their chefs prepare a show
Fit for a Movie Queen,
For to the finest fare I'd treat her,
Such is my burning love for Greta.

I'd lunch her at Quaglino's,
We'd dine at the Savoy,
I'd sup her at the Embassy,
And every meal we ate would be
Lucullan to the last degree—
A gastronomic joy,
If only Greta the betwitchin'
Would leave her frying in the kitchen.

Mysteriously Nordic,
She prefers to dine alone,
In fact, she'd positively hate
To take her meals in public state—
The reason why, I've guessed of late,
Though p'raps I'm wrong, I own;
The Queen of Vamps is such a funny 'un
She can't eat steaks without fried onion!

B.W.

By Aubrey Hammond

PUNISHMENTS FOR POLITICIANS

Compulsory foreign travel just to broaden their little minds

is just good manners and a fitting tribute to Queen Victoria's last surviving son—a very charming, gallant, and kindly gentleman who has spent a long life in the service of his country.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS was always beloved, and his decision to spend the winter in England (though to disobey doctor's orders at eighty-one may be thought unnecessarily quixotic) instead of on the Riviera has sent up his stock, if I may use the expression, tenfold. If a calculation were to be made as to who is the most popular man in the Empire, the Duke of Connaught would be well in the first half-dozen.

THE autumn season of opera at Covent Garden has come and gone, and it is idle to pretend that it has been a triumphant success. Artistically it has had much to recommend it, and the performances compared favourably with many in the capital cities of the Continent. They were infinitely better than, for instance, opera as given in Paris, whether at the Opera House or the Opera Comique, though I grant that this does not say much for them. Most of the singing has been excellent, the productions have been effective, the orchestra has played well, and Col. Blois chose a sensible repertoire—popular stuff, combined with the unfamiliar *The Bartered Bride*, and, as a concession to the demand for an all-British work, Dame Ethel Smyth's *The Wreckers*. Yet the support has not been at all good, and some of the audiences were painfully scanty.

AMONG reasons for this may be counted the fact that the season coincided with the national crisis and with the electioneering. An eminent American doctor has declared that whisky and grand opera are among the necessary amenities of life. Personally, I am fond of mixing the two together, with glowing results. I do not know what the bulk of the public has been doing about the former, but they have certainly eschewed, to a great extent, forgoing the delights of grand opera.

A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION!

Mr. J. A. L. Duncan, who fought North Kensington for the Conservatives, explaining the benefits of Empire Preference to fruit traders in Portobello Market during the election campaign

MADELEINE CARROLL

The stage and screen star, who will return to the West End stage on November 9 after her recent marriage. She will take one of the leading parts in "Little Catherine," to be produced at the Phœnix Theatre on that date

HOWEVER, there has been, I make bold to say, a deliberate and spiteful attack from one quarter on this season in which British artists have been giving of their very good best. Comments have been made repeatedly which have passed the bounds of fair criticism, which have been inaccurate and obviously prejudiced, and which have been made not for the purpose of assisting the cause of British opera, or even of commenting severely upon it, but of wrecking the Covent Garden organisation. In this they will not succeed. I cannot, however, congratulate the sponsors of such attacks on the satisfaction they are doubtless feeling at having done, at any rate, a certain amount of mischief.

AN amusing Rugger story has just reached me from Wales. Two local teams between whom feeling ran high were playing each other and the forwards were indulging in more than a little "rough stuff." The referee, who was a Welsh international, finally stopped the game and sternly addressed them. "Look you," he said, "when *I* am playing in internationals I can do that, but here you must not—indeet, no. Remember this is Wales versus Wales, not Wales versus England!"

The LIGHTER SIDE of the GENERAL ELECTION:

Comrade Wal Hannington, the Communist candidate for West Bermondsey, was handicapped in his election campaign by the fact that he was unable to be present in person. The reason for his absence is made clear by the alliterative appeal chalked in the street by one of his henchmen

Commander A. R. J. Southby, who fought Epsom for the constituency. He reversed the usual order of things, and out of his way to give the stable lads a "real

Mr. R. Purbrick, the Conservative candidate for the Walton Division of Liverpool, putting in some strenuous work in the gymnasium. Hecklers, apparently, were not likely to receive soft handling!

Captain Ian Fraser, the blind Conservative candidate for St. Pancras, found an early morning visit to the Ken Wood open-air baths proved a profitable expedition. He is being cheered by some of the "regulars" among the many women bathers, who, although they can stand cold-water plunges, have no use for "hot-air" promises

CANDIDATES' METHODS to CAJOLE the VOTES

Conservatives, visits one of the racing stables in his instead of getting a straight tip from the horse's mouth, went hot thing" for the General Election Stakes

Mr. P. J. Pybus, the National Liberal candidate at Harwich, tries his hand at a little farm work whilst canvassing the constituency. By the time these photographs appear candidates will know whether their efforts to win the enlightened electorate have been successful or not

The Opportunist! Mr. George Mitcheson, the Conservative candidate for West St. Pancras, does not believe in missing his chances, and buttonholes a voter emerging from a man-hole. He naturally apologised for talking down to the workman!

Mr. Oliver Baldwin, the son of the Conservative leader, who, like Sir Oswald Mosley, provided one of the humours of the General Election when he stood in the opposite camp to his father and fought Chatham as an anti-National Socialist. He bears one resemblance to his father, however, in that he is seen complete with briar pipe

CLEMENCE DANE writes on THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"KING CHARLES THE SECOND"

By ARTHUR BRYANT

(*Longmans, Green and Co. : 9s. 6d.*)

THE Book Society's choice for October is a biography of King Charles II written by Arthur Bryant. At the end of the volume is a double map. Upon the faint and shadowy outlines of modern Whitehall, with the buildings labelled Colonial Office, Treasury Buildings, Horse Guards, Richmond Terrace, Montague House, Charity Commission, and so forth is printed, black and clear, a plan of Whitehall made about 1680—Whitehall with Bowling Green, Privy Garden, Stone Gallery, Tennis Court, Banqueting Hall, Cockpit, the modest lodgings belonging to His Majesty, and the innumerable lodgings of his Court.

Now this fascinating map, with its solid past triumphing over a ghostly present, symbolises the book itself. So vividly is the past recreated in its pages that while you read you belong to it and see your own twentieth-century present as a coming event.

FOR the book is not merely the study of a great English king: it must, in the nature of things, be also a study of the people he ruled. And the English he ruled are so recognisably ourselves of to-day that one does not know whether to laugh or be huffed at the clear, comic spectacle of our own behaviour reflected in the mirror of the centuries. The accounts of Restoration politics recall the morning papers. The final consequences of ambition, indecision, faction, disloyalty, vanity, and rebellion are not so brutal; axe, rope, and torture are out of date; but the ruling passions are unchanged:

THIS book tells the story of the man who had to control the national hurly-burly. In my schooldays we were taught to hold Charles II cheap, as a man of loose life, as a king who truckled to the French and took bribes—

Here lies our Sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on!
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

The scribble was invariably quoted as if it were Holy Writ, as if it settled once and for all the hash of Good King Charles. The odd thing is that it didn't. History books cannot lie; but perhaps *Woodstock*, with its immortal portrait of one Louis Kerneguy, acted as an antidote; Scott is also Holy Writ. At any rate, the fact remains that Charles II is one of the few historical figures to survive examinations and brain-fag. One remembers him as a figure in his history romantic, in his character appealing, as a king with a sense of humour, a sense of mercy, a sense of justice, as well as a very necessary sense of expediency.

AND now Mr. Bryant comes, in his lively, learned book, to confirm and give substance to the impression. His ordered facts show us a king seriously devoted to the business of government; indeed, Mr. Bryant's King Charles II seems to have spent his entire energies in doing what he could to turn the English nation into a happy family, perfectly aware that he would get no thanks for it. Kicks, not ha'pence, were good King Charles's portion. The kicks he took philosophically; it was the ha'pence problem which occupied his energies and nearly broke his heart. He had to cope with a nation that, ever since the Restoration, spent yearly "a million more than it earned yearly" (how modern and familiar it sounds!), a nation divided into parties all seeking their personal gain, all swearing that those who disagreed with them were knaves, liars, traitors, fools.

BUT it was the luck of this England to be governed by a man genuinely disinterested, whose justice always leaned to the side of mercy; who wanted nothing for himself; whose only real weakness seems to have been his liking for laughter and pretty women. "I'm a tired business man—I want to be amused," explains a good deal that shocks us in King Charles.

ON the people who amused him he did indeed spend money: though, as the author says, his critics "altogether missed sight of the fact that Charles's Court was one of the least expensive in Europe, and that his affectionate generosity to his bastard sons . . . was no more costly to the country than the normal brood of younger princes denied them by a childless queen." But this one extravagance has been used ever since to obscure the real fact that in his dubious dealings with France the King was getting money not for himself but for his people, to pay his fleet, to pay his army, to pay his, or, rather, the nation's, servants. That the King himself might have barely enough to eat did not matter—to the King!

IT is his triumph as a King that on the whole he succeeded: it is his triumph as a man that he remains in one's memory as beyond all question the most lovable of English kings, his Stuart charm reinforced by wisdom, a puckish sense of humour, and a most unroyal incapacity to be forgetful of old friends, old loves, old loyalties, or old debts. Mr. Bryant is to be thanked for restoring the portrait of a great Englishman.

Whitehall in the early seventeenth century. One of the many interesting illustrations in Mr. Arthur Bryant's book, reviewed on this page

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STARS OF THE SCREEN AND THEIR HOLLYWOOD HOMES

Bette Davis, one of the cleverest young stars in the film firmament and a player to make a big hit in "Seed," in a corner of her superlatively "old world" cottage, a part of which is seen on the right. Although built in the heart of Hollywood, the "truly rural" note predominates throughout

With very few exceptions, the stars of Hollywood delight in "throwing" parties when the day's work in the studio is done, and consequently much money and no little thought is expended in providing themselves with homes which will be not only worthy of their eminence in the film colony, but which will also awake the admiration and envy of the friends they entertain. On this and the following three pages will be seen some of these homes, with their owners very much in evidence

AT-HOME DAYS WITH FOUR

(Left.) Mae Clarke, the star of "Waterloo Bridge," favours the Spanish type of architecture for her home seen above. She claims that this particular style of architecture is eminently suited to the Californian landscape, which, in the neighbourhood of Hollywood, is inflicted with more than a few residences suited to no landscape in the world!

Lois Wilson, seen in very practical polo kit, is, like the other screen stars shown on these two pages, a Universal star, her latest picture being "Seed." Her house is so typically English in design that it is more reminiscent of the English countryside in the neighbourhood of Guildford, Surrey, than of the American countryside in the neighbourhood of Hollywood

FAIR HOLLYWOOD FILM STARS

The above "desirable residence, fitted with every modern convenience"—as estate agents say—is the property of Sidney Fox, the young star seen inset on the right. Miss Fox, who will be seen in a new talkie, "Strictly Dishonourable," obviously has avoided the ornate in her house, which stands on one of the hills fringing Hollywood

Rose Hobart, seen on the left, is another film star who favours the Spanish note in architecture, as witness the photograph of her house in Hollywood. She is the star of the brilliant jungle talkie, "East of Borneo," which took a year to make and will be seen in the West End in the near future

AYRES AND GRACES AT HOME

Above is seen Lew Ayres, the young Universal star, whose latest pictures include "Iron Man" and "Up for Murder." His home, seen in the photograph at the top of this page, stands on the top of a hill facing the huge "Hollywoodland" sign that tells the world where the film colony lives, works, and has its being

(Right.) A Star and Stripes. Marian Marsh, the young Warner Brothers star who is now to be seen in "The Mad Genius," adopts an unusual costume whilst on holiday at her house on Malibu Beach, where the photograph was taken

A STAR OF STAGE AND SCREEN

Sasha

Edna Best as she appears in one of the scenes in the English talkie version of Edgar Wallace's racing thriller, "The Calendar," a British Lion-Gainsborough production directed by T. Hays Hunter. She and her husband, Herbert Marshall, who also plays a leading part in this film, are scoring a big dual success in "There's Always Juliet," John van Druten's new play at the Apollo Theatre

A Witch with her broom

and

PLAYER'S

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N.C.C.42

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Almost a Scandal

by

Sewell Stokes

HAD it been whispered to the reader that so much as a breath of scandal was ever near to sullying the unspotted name of the Rev. Tobias Nesbit, his pained surprise would have been completely justified. Equally might he have been astonished to learn that; of all people in the world, Derek Leicester was the one called upon to put things right. Or, if you prefer it, to hush them up. When, therefore, it is definitely affirmed that a scandal (of the worst kind) *did* threaten the rector of Thorpeling-on-Tweezer, and that Derek Leicester *was* the one called upon to save the situation, there is no feeling left the reader but one of positive amazement. It is also hoped that he is itching with curiosity to learn what all the fuss was about. In God's good time (and mine) he shall hear.

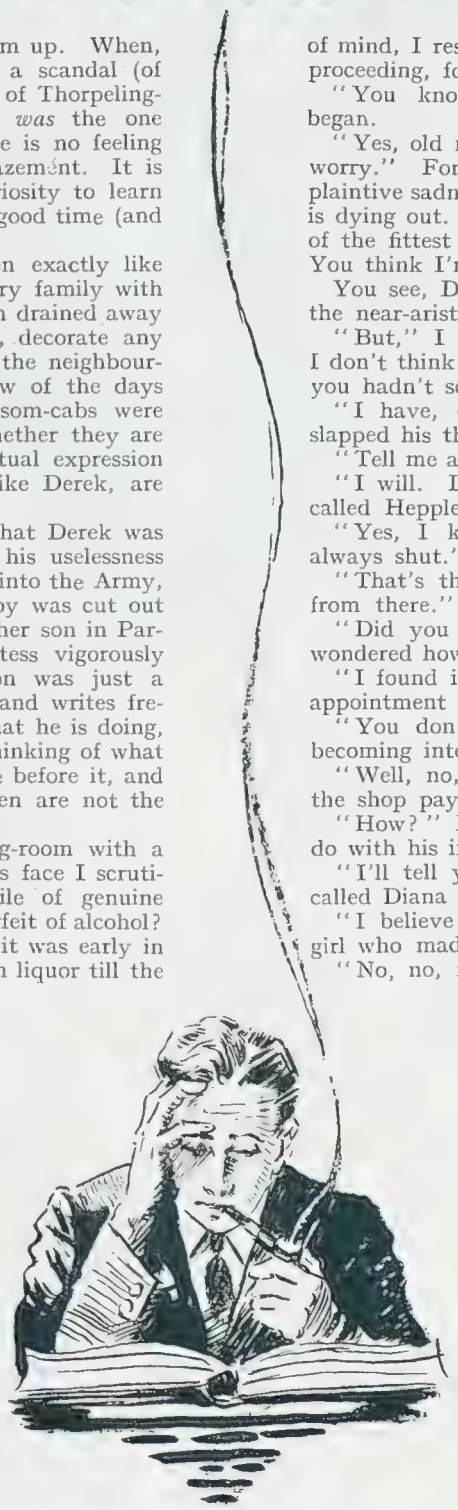
Now there are crowds of young men exactly like Derek Leicester. They crop up in every family with a fortune which is too large to have been drained away by the death duties. They dress well, decorate any drawing-room, and when sauntering in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly remind one somehow of the days when mashers were mashers and hansom-cabs were cosy. Above all, they have charm, whether they are the happy smiling type (with a perpetual expression of haughty bliss on their faces), or, like Derek, are eternally doleful.

But do not run away with the idea that Derek was sour grapes. It was only that he felt his uselessness rather acutely. He ought to have gone into the Army, but his mother had an idea that her boy was cut out for better things. She had a vision of her son in Parliament, and herself as a brilliant hostess vigorously furthering his career. But that vision was just a mirage. Now she lives in the country and writes frequently to Derek asking him always what he is doing, and the poor fellow is hard put to it thinking of what to reply. One day is much like the one before it, and the few unusual things which do happen are not the sort one tells one's mother about.

When Derek came into the smoking-room with a contented grin spread untidily about his face I scrutinised him carefully. Was this a smile of genuine happiness, I asked myself, or the counterfeit of alcohol? I decided that it must be genuine, for it was early in the afternoon, and Derek does not touch liquor till the approach of evening. Derek has his principles. And heaven knows he needs them!

"Hallo, old man!" he exclaimed, giving me a malicious dig in the ribs as he sat down in the chair beside me.

He seemed to pass immediately into a mood of retrospective abstraction. The grin remained on his face. It was difficult to believe that it would ever pass away or that there had been a time when it was not there. He looked like a waxwork, and indeed would have made a good exhibit years hence: "Early Twentieth-century Gentleman." He was a perfect example of the type. Hair carefully brushed. Narrow moustache carefully trimmed, indicating that already English idlers are bowing to the influence of Hollywood workers. Shirt boldly striped, but *not* effeminate. Tie bravely spotted, but *not* loud. Suit richly patterned and moulded to the figure, but *not* stagey. Socks pretty, but discreet. Shoes of mellow brown leather, as if matured in port wine. Even with that frozen grin Derek had that poise of supreme self-confidence which invariably marks his breed.



The grin was beginning to get on my nerves, and, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I resolved to fathom its cause—not a difficult proceeding, for there are no great depths in Derek.

"You know what I think of you, Derek?" I began.

"Yes, old man," he replied. "I know. But don't worry." For a moment the customary expression of plaintive sadness crept back into his eyes. "My species is dying out. We'll soon be extinct. It's the survival of the fittest nowadays, and I'm not fit for anything. You think I'm a fool, and you're not far wrong."

You see, Derek knows his place, as all members of the near-aristocracy should.

"But," I continued, "low though my opinion is, I don't think you would flaunt that ugly grin about if you hadn't some good reason for it."

"I have, old man, I have!" he exclaimed, and slapped his thigh. He was in exceedingly high spirits.

"Tell me all about it," I said encouragingly.

"I will. Do you know a bookshop run by a man called Hepplestone?"

"Yes, I know it. An extraordinary place. It's always shut."

"That's the one," said Derek. "I've just come from there."

"Did you find it open?" I asked. "I've often wondered how the place pays its way."

"I found it shut every time I went till I made an appointment with old Hepplestone himself."

"You don't mean to tell me, Derek, that you're becoming interested in literature?"

"Well, no, not exactly. But I've found out how the shop pays."

"How?" I asked, wondering what all this had to do with his insufferable grin.

"I'll tell you. Did I ever mention to you a girl called Diana Nesbit?"

"I believe you did," I replied. "Wasn't she the girl who made you pay for the . . ."

"No, no, no . . ."

"You mean the one who slit the tyres of your car when . . ."

"No! Good heavens, man, Diana isn't *that* sort of a girl! She's . . . She's . . . Oh, how can I describe her to you . . . ?"

DEREK managed to describe her to me at some length. There was no end, apparently, to Diana's charms and virtues. He met her first at Biarritz, where she was staying with a vinegary aunt. Certainly she was not "that sort of a girl." In fact, Derek found the going rather difficult, but he persevered because she had hair which was just the right shade of auburn, eyes which were just the right clearness of blue, a nose which was tilted at just the right angle, lips which were just the right red (and didn't transfer their colour to everything with which they came in

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contact), skin which was as smooth as skin can be, and a figure which was perfect beyond belief. That was what Derek thought of her, and I don't think he can have exaggerated much, because even the fact that she was a clergyman's daughter didn't put him off.

When he first saw her he could scarcely believe his eyes. It seemed that his dreams had come true. And in that moment he renounced his murky past. He lost no time in getting to know her, and soon developed the habit of telling her, about three times a day, the state of his feelings for her.

But Diana, it seems, was a sensible girl, and had much the same opinion of Derek that I have. She didn't actually tell him so, but whenever he got really worked up and his enthusiasm threatened to run away with him, he would see in her eyes that she thought he was a poor fish. He did his best to persuade her that he was not so dumb as he looked. He danced with her frequently. And I have been told by young ladies who certainly ought to know that Derek is as good a dancer as you are likely to find this side of Paradise. He played tennis with her, and was tactful. He bathed with her, and exhibited his prowess in the water. He did everything he could, even trotting out some card tricks which he had learned in his childhood. But Diana would not commit herself. It is true that after three weeks of the siege she showed signs of wavering, but before anything satisfactory happened she returned to the vicarage at Thorpeling-on-Tweezer.

Derek then set himself to writing love-letters, a thing which he had never done before, all his previous love-making having been carried on rather crudely by word of mouth in taxicabs and in other places where the romantic surroundings lend one inspiration. He found putting it on paper a very different matter, and when replies to his letters became colder and more infrequent, he decided that unless he was to abandon all hope he must re-establish personal contact. Accordingly he returned to England and settled himself near the banks of the Tweezer, at an inn called the Capricious Trout.

He found Diana even more attractive in her native haunts than he had done in Biarritz. She fitted her surroundings like a pearl in an oyster. But her surroundings were just about as unwilling to give her up as an oyster is to part with its pearl.

Derek had never seen a pretty girl do so much work. "I could have understood it if she had been ugly," he said, "and gone in for all that social work to relieve her boredom. But for a girl as pretty as Diana to work as hard as that . . . it was wicked!"

She was the life and soul of the parish, organising church socials and bazaars, visiting the sick, working at the local crêche, singing in the choir, and captaining the Girl Guides, besides being the staff of her father's old age. Naturally, she hadn't much time to attend to Derek's renewed protestations of love and eternal devotion, but her inaccessibility only made him more ardent.

He tried to pal up with her father the clergyman, a man of an incredible age who had married and begotten his daughter late in life. But the old man was of an erudite turn of mind, and though Derek tried hard to play the dumbfounded listener (knowing that that is the best way to get on with persons who are cleverer than oneself), he failed hopelessly, for Mr. Nesbit had a nasty habit of interjecting questions into his conversation which completely bowled Derek over.

Things certainly looked bad, but Derek did not give up hope.

"After all," he said to me, "you don't meet girls like Diana more than once in a lifetime, so you can't afford to neglect your opportunities when they come."

THE clergyman, finding Derek a poor conversationalist, and also probably seeing what he was after and being in no mind to lose his daughter, became frigid, and did not

"As he wandered round the shop he noticed that the bookseller seemed anxious to keep him away from a desk in the corner"

invite Derek to the vicarage. Perhaps it would have been easier if Diana's mother had been still alive, because most mothers have a misguided ambition to see their daughters married. But, since there was no mother, the old man was simply an obstacle; for dutiful daughters like Diana hate to forsake their aged fathers. So Derek was not altogether sorry when the old man caught a chill which developed into double pneumonia, and in a few days passed out of this life. Of course, he was sorry in a way. The death fell in splendidly with Derek's plans, but he was not so heartless as to be really pleased about it. It was a blow for Diana, and he hated seeing her unhappy about anything, but there was no getting away from the fact that it made things easier for himself. For what would Diana do now if she didn't marry him? Derek couldn't picture her going to live with the vinegary aunt with whom she had been staying in Biarritz. And she had no other relations.

He found plenty of opportunity for being sympathetic and useful. He looked after all the funeral arrangements—knowing Derek, I tremble to think what sort of arrangements they were—but Diana was satisfied with them, and his happiness was almost complete when she told him that she didn't know what she would have done without him. He began to think that she would soon see that he was indispensable.

Old Mr. Nesbit hadn't made a will, or appointed executors, or done any of the things which self-respecting people ought to do before they die, and all his affairs were in an appalling muddle. Here again Derek made himself useful, helping Diana to straighten things out. He was rather ashamed of himself when he found that he was pleased to find that the poor girl wouldn't have too much money. He felt a cad, being pleased about a thing like that; but it did look as though circumstances were conspiring to help him. And Derek knew that without the help of Providence he didn't stand much chance of winning Diana.

For the time being he was very happy, seeing Diana every day and working with her at clearing away all the muddle the old man had left. He decently refrained from making any declarations of his devotion during those days, feeling that Diana might not like it so soon after her father's death, but he waited hopefully for the time when he could start all over again.

Then a most extraordinary thing happened. One morning the following letter arrived:—

ANDREW HEPPLESTONE,
BOOKSELLER.

To the Executors of
The late Rev. Tobias Nesbit.

DEAR SIRS,

I shall feel greatly obliged if you will remit me a cheque for the goods supplied to the late Mr. Nesbit during 1929 and '30.

I am,
Yours obediently,
ANDREW HEPPLESTONE.

Amount of account
£75 14s. 6d.

Diana couldn't understand it. She knew quite well that her father had bought no new books to speak of for years. He had been engaged for some time on the compilation of a Harmony of the Gospels, and had all the required books in his library. She and Derek searched the bookshelves, but could find no new books there except one or two which she herself had bought for her father when she was last in London. There was no sign of there being any books that would have cost as much as seventy-five pounds. She was completely mystified.

"There must have been some mistake," she said to Derek. "Daddy would never have run up an account like that. He knew quite well he wouldn't be able to settle it. Besides, the books aren't here, and they couldn't be anywhere else.'

(*Continued on page 200*)

Why Not a "Council of Fashion"?

By Blanche B. Elliott

Miss Hélène Worth's (Madame Jean Iscovesco) lovely bridal gown of white crêpe satin with skirt and train formed of rows of widening frills. The veil is of tulle and the tiny muff is composed of orange blossoms Madame Iscovesco is the great-granddaughter of the English founder of the House of Worth. Model Worth

No writer of fashions—particularly Paris fashions—can remain unmoved by the insistent clamour against buying abroad when fashion creators exist at home who should be patronised. Comparisons are notoriously odious, and the charge of mesmerism which Paris designers are said to exercise over the minds of women is, of course, frankly ridiculous. They are merely the channels through which women's dress needs are translated. It is always woman who ultimately decides what is, or is not, to be worn. Probably nothing in the world will stop them from wanting to know what other smart women are wearing elsewhere, with the natural result that they will wish to emulate only the best and the most becoming, *wherever* created. These are the basic facts. It remains with each country to evolve its own method of dealing with the problem.

S

America makes no bones about her slavish adherence to Paris styles, and is so keen on getting them first-hand that she has a vast army of copyists, buyers, and artists she can draw from, while she buys, in normal times, an enormous number of French models. With these she creates her own large dress trade; copies and near-copies are sold within a few weeks of the arrival of the Paris originals, at prices ranging from fifteen to one hundred and fifty dollars, according to the length of the buyer's purse; it is style that is insisted on.

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American fashion articles in all daily, weekly, or monthly papers, written by experts, reflect with an exceeding correctness an analysis of what Paris is launching each season. This is syndicated and telegraphed through the vast network of fashion trade bulletins that traverse the continent; no sign of resentment or jealousy for what Paris does is ever felt. Rather it is Paris who becomes uneasy at the wholesale copying of models in the cheaper lines, where far more money is made than in their few exclusive creations made at such a cost of time, imagination, and effort.

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It is true that we have our own talented designers, who frequently design really original and delightful ideas. One house I have in mind shows the nicest sportswear and jumpers that I have seen anywhere in Paris or London. But what real appreciation or recognition do they get? Who has the taste or the power to put them definitely on the pedestal where

they belong? I saw some knitted sweaters from this house reproduced by an American fashion spy in the States, who at least had the good taste to appreciate them; they were just labelled "London," but the name was not well known enough to mention. This, of course, does not help anyone very much, and it is this lack of co-ordination and lack of public judgment that is the greatest drawback to the successful handling of the model dress trade in England.

WHAT I personally would like to see would be the establishment of a Council of Fashion, which would consist of a group of women selected for their exquisite taste in dress and knowledge of the subject, who could give their views on the new styles, see the big London collections, and pronounce on them sympathetically, and at the same time critically. To be also an impartial tribunal to which the wholesale manufacturer may appeal when desirous of launching a new idea or of submitting some novelty which he has created; whereas he is at present the victim of the suburban and unprogressive buyer who is afraid to purchase, in case it might be left on his hands. Creators in all walks of life need encouragement and recognition, and such a Council of Fashion would give it. It would be no honorary or spasmodic job; salaries would be attached to it. I know one or two people who would be eminently fitted! Gertrude Lawrence should certainly be a member. She has an unrivalled flair for good dressing, which was appreciated in the States at its full value.

THE idea is not new, as such a body exists in America, where it is of great assistance to the trade and to the public. It would, I feel sure, help our own designers and manufacturers, who are at present labouring under a sense of injustice and unfair comparison. Paris has the world for its Council, and no one of the big designers is above taking a suggestion or criticism from one of his well-dressed clients. Indeed, he seeks it; while the vast amount of expert matter written on his collections as they are produced must guide him very considerably as to which lines are likely to be popular and where his success is to lie. I would like to see the Council of Fashion tackle the amazing muddle that exists over the dress sizes in the ready-made trade, whose lack of co-operation and varying methods of measurement make it most puzzling for the woman shopper. A range of various sizes are standardised and worked out to a nicety, both in Paris and America. Why is it not possible here?

NOW I have left myself very little room to speak of the mid-season openings that are now being held in Paris. Fresh models are being shown, but designers are going warily on lines that are likely to appeal to reduced purses. Even the afternoon frock, to which the Parisienne is so addicted, has assumed tendencies which enable it to be worn as an informal dinner frock as well. The dressy afternoon coat is a necessity; very smart when it covers a frock in parchment satin to tone with a lynx collar or in black, or is in all-black, with a black satin frock with a white yoke. Contrasts are still greatly in vogue, the little jacket supplying a note of contrast to the skirt or frock with which it is worn. They are extremely popular in velvet or fur for evening wear, where they either contrast or are in a deeper tone of the same shade as the frock.

BELTS of plaited paper were a novelty shown by Lucile Paray, with coloured necklaces of the same compressed paper. Angora wool was used with little lainage or crêpe dresses to form collar and cuffs, its soft, hairy quality in sharp contrast to the smooth fabric it trimmed giving an effect not unlike fur. B. B. E.

Exquisite white ermine forms this luxurious evening wrap. The high collar is in white fox and a border of the same fur outlines the elbow-length simulated cape. *Model Lucien Lelong*

CONSTANCE BENNETT IN "BOUGHT"

In her new Warner Brothers' picture, "Bought," Constance Bennett plays the part of a poor girl who makes a determined effort to crash into Society via mannequin parades, and later, a secretaryship with a fashionable doctor. In fact, she does so to such good effect that she becomes engaged to a rich young man who, having lured her from the narrow path of virtue, aided and abetted by cocktails and an outsize in summer moons, later throws her over on learning that the identity of her father is, unfortunately, wropt in mystery. Whereupon she returns to the poor but honest literary gent who has loved her all along, and to the rich old Jew who takes such a mysterious interest in her and sends her respectable and elevating books, a parcel of which she is seen examining in the mannequins' dressing-room

NEW YORK'S *sensational new* HOTEL

By
WILLIAM POWELL

Our New York correspondent, Mr. William Powell, describes the wonderful new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel which was invaded by eager throngs when it was opened recently.

New York's Wonder Hotel. The recently opened Waldorf-Astoria on Park Avenue. Forty-eight storeys high, its twin towers afford a wonderful spectacle with the sunlight playing on their white walls

THE sensation in New York these October days is the new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, which has just opened its doors. It dominates not only the East Side skyline, between Grand Central Terminal and 59th Street (it is forty-eight storeys high), but it is the dominating topic of conversation wherever people gather. Some speak of the magnificent dining-room which was painted by the famous Spanish artist, Sert—some talk of the apartments designed by Sir Charles Allom; while others are captivated by such minor innovations as the little holes in the bathroom walls where one drops one's razor blades.

IN ever-changing New York, an hotel which has stood in one spot for thirty-four years possesses as much tradition as does a European hostelry which may have 534 years back of it. So, to modern Americans the old Waldorf brings up pictures of a glamorous and romantic era. When speaking of it, people invariably allude to the charity balls which were sponsored by the Astors, Vanderbilts, and Goulds; to the champagne suppers given to Florodora girls; and to the ladies of the leg-o'-mutton sleeves who strolled up and down the famous Peacock Alley.

CONSEQUENTLY, it was no wonder that New York fell all over itself to have a peep at the magnificent new structure occupying an entire block between Park and Lexington Avenues, and 49th and 50th Streets. Although special invitations were sent out for the opening, the crowds eager to see the new Waldorf were so great that the police couldn't control them. They say that of the 3,000 ash receivers which were lying about on the tables not one remained the next day!

The Waldorf-Astoria boasts of being the largest hotel in the world, exceeding even such skyscrapers as the Hôtel Pierre, which opened only a year ago, the Sherry-Netherlands, the Savoy-Plaza, the New Yorker, the Pennsylvania, and the Governor Clinton.

NEW YORK'S latest hotel is unique in that from the 28th storey up, the space is devoted to apartments. All sorts of apartments—some unfurnished, others furnished. The latter have been decorated by leading decorators in America, England, France, and Sweden. London firms who had a hand in The Towers (which is what the upper portion of the hotel is called) are —White, Allom and Company and Lenygon and Morant. The Towers has

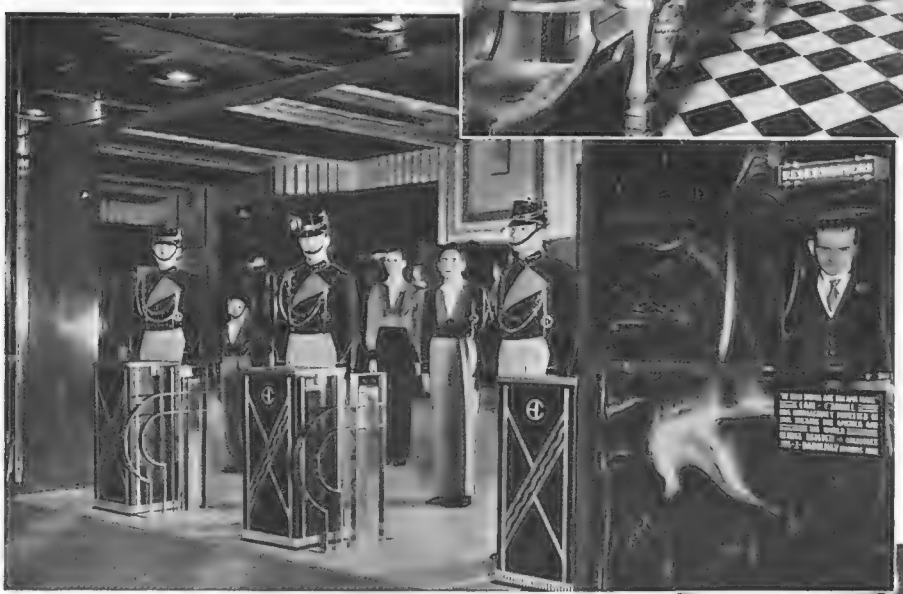
COMMENDATORE GUILIO GELARDI
The presiding genius of the new hotel; he includes the management of The Towers, which is what the upper portion of the hotel devoted to furnished and unfurnished apartments is called.

for its director Commendatore Guilio Gelardi, for years well known to Londoners who patronise Claridge's and the Savoy. Signor Gelardi will continue to be at Claridge's for the season during the spring and summer, and has already established himself as a prime favourite with New Yorkers.

The first Saturday after the hotel opened I tried to take some guests to lunch at the Waldorf—but I only tried! It being a warm autumn Saturday it never occurred to me to book a table ahead, and I was amazed to find that each of the four dining rooms was completely filled up. Quite remarkable when, besides a warm week-end, the Waldorf had to combat depression and a fast-growing fad for lunching and dining in small, intimate restaurants of the Parisian order, and the smart new speakeasies.

A corner of one of the residential suites in the new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The foyer is of simple architectural character, the walls being covered with an interesting decorative paper in sienna tones with figure groups representing the five senses. The woodwork is painted in pink-brown tones and the floor is tiled in black and white rubber

with one another, which can be thrown into one large room when required. Of course the Waldorf (as all new buildings in New York) has conditioned air—air kept at an even temperature by a cooling, dehumidifying and humidifying installation.



The military note in New York's newest theatre. Attendants at the new Earl Carroll Theatre sport very military uniforms whilst on duty in the vestibule

PERSONALLY, I find the smaller, quiet type of hotel, of which New York has many now, more to my taste—I mean the type you find in Europe. But, fortunately for the Waldorf, there are thousands who like hotels which are large and luxurious. So, just as there is a place in London for hostelries such as Grosvenor House and the Dorchester, so in New York there is a large public who will eagerly welcome an hotel such as the Waldorf-Astoria.

THERE are many modern features about this new structure which will appeal to the traveller of to-day. Guests arriving at the Waldorf by motor may enter the hotel by an underground entrance and, taking a lift right by the door, can be whisked skywards to their rooms without going through the lobby. Being situated near the Grand Central Railroad Station, the Waldorf-Astoria has been able to arrange a private yard so that guests coming to New York on their own Pullmans can have them switched directly into the hotel. But I'm afraid that this winter won't see many arriving in this luxurious fashion!

OTHER features which have been incorporated into the Waldorf-Astoria to make it the dernier cri in hotels are: a ballroom fitted with a movable platform; a roof garden fitted with a movable roof which opens and closes by electricity; an auditorium equipped for television, technicolor, and movietone films; private suites with their own terraces; radios in every room; and a flexible arrangement of suites. For instance, on the Park Avenue side there are nine separate rooms, decorated and furnished in harmony

The "Water Wagon" invades more or less dry New York. Though "speakeasies" may be found in numbers all round the Earl Carroll Theatre, "Adam's ale" is featured within its doors where the ice-water wagon seen above circulates during the intervals for the benefit of patrons

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

PUCK AS A PUBLISHER — By "Junius"

WASN'T it Solomon, out of the midst of a superfluity of wives and a superabundance of riches, who wrote that there was nothing new under the sun? But Mr. Ralph Straus wasn't invented in those days. If he had been Solomon, who we know was just and truthful—the four hundred wives and other ladies notwithstanding—would have added a footnote, "Except *A Whip for the Woman*, by Ralph Straus," which is published by Chapman and Hall at 7*s.* 6*d.*

IF you want to enjoy yourself thoroughly retire into a quiet corner with *A Whip for the Woman*. I doubt if anything will lure you away until you have finished the book. And I think you will agree with me that Mr. Straus has given a money-worn, politics-ridden world something that nobody else has ever given it before.

Mr. Straus has the gift of telling the truth under the guise of a golden, flashing impudence, Puckish, I grant you, but Puck was a worldly-wise sprite who hit the nail on the head amidst general laughter. So does Mr. Straus. I have said that *A Whip for the Woman* is something new. To prove that I must give you, briefly, the outline of the book. It is the story of a novel from its inception in the author's brain; then its various journeyings to unappreciative publishers; its final acceptance, and its fate under the pen of reviewers. "But what is new in that?" you will ask. Mr. Straus himself answers you.

HE writes about this book first as the author, next as the publisher, and then as the literary critic. Three points of view. I ask you, if that isn't new, what is? And each point of view is put with such wit and fun that you chortle over every other page. Mr. Straus says, "I propose to tell you what happens in the novelist's attic, the publisher's palace, and the reviewer's semi-detached villa." He does, and so gaily and joyously that even the pilloried publishers, literary agents, and what-not will have a smile on the right side of their mouths.

FOOTNOTES, as a rule, are what housemaids call "dratted things." But Mr. Straus's footnotes are the cleverest and most amusing part of a brilliant satire. After reading them, nobody can be ignorant of all the books Mr. Straus has written or of all the literary lions he knows. As I have said, impishly impudent and Puckish, and something nobody has ever done before. And there are some good stories, too, about Mr. Straus's speeches—he is an inveterate after-dinner talker—but one about the workman in the railway carriage and the lady who "looked like the Albert Hall" is the best of all. You laugh whenever you think of it. A joyous, diverting book. It must be delightful to have been born so witty, so impish, and yet so worldly-wise as Mr. Straus.

LADY FLAVIA GIFFARD *Pearl Freeman*

Whose novel, "Keep Thy Wife" (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed in this article. She is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Halsbury

MR. STRAUS'S book is dedicated to Lady Flavia Giffard, Lord Halsbury's only daughter, and out of the same parcel which brought me *A Whip for the Woman* comes *Keep Thy Wife* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Lady Flavia herself. A touching, tragic story of East and West, it tells of an Indian Prince, half-Irish by birth, whose father gave his life for England in the War. The boy is brought up in England. He falls in love with an English girl. But the colour bar stands between them. He accepts it, and goes out to his responsibilities in his Indian State, knowing that Berenice Stanton can never be his wife. That is the tragedy.

There are two sides to every question. "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," is the basis of Lady Flavia Giffard's story. But she doesn't say so: therein lies the cleverness of the poignant tragedy. The book is well written and with a full understanding of both sides of what is called the "colour bar." The title, however, isn't happy. After reading the book you find it doesn't mean anything.

DEANS and Chapters, Canons-in-Ordinary and their good wives will not, I'm afraid, approve of Miss Barbara Cartland's latest novel, *Sweet Punishment* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*). But to those who do not live in Cathedral Closes, especially the feminine part of "those," I can imagine the book giving them thrill upon thrill.

Actually it is a world-old story, as old as the Rape of the Sabine Women by the Romans—you know that important fact in history. But it is placed in the atmosphere of night-clubs, painted faces, and lipstick; the atmosphere, in fact, of To-day.

The heroine, Lady Diana Stanlier, incredibly beautiful, and with an apparently illimitable bank account provided by her father, is what our grandmothers would have described as a heartless coquette. Coquetry is out of fashion in these days, but, like a lot of other old-fashioned things, it goes on just as gaily under another name. We call it vamping now. Well, Lady Diana vamps an amiable young man who dies in South Africa. His friend, Ian Carstairs, returning to England, tells the lovely lady exactly what he thinks of her, and then falls in love with her himself. Triumph for Lady Diana! She has brought a disapproving, strong, big, super-Mr.-He-Man to his knees. She dismisses him with scorn, and departs the next morning in her Moth aeroplane for the South of France.

MR. RALPH STRAUS

A caricature by Low, which forms the frontispiece to the former's entertaining new book, "A Whip for the Woman." It is published by Chapman and Hall at 7s. 6d.

But the Moth does not take her to Cannes. It lands her at a remote Scottish castle, because the rejected hero has disguised himself as the pilot. In his ancestral abode Carstairs takes his revenge in a way that will either shock or thrill you, according to your point of view. With all due deference to a clever and charming writer, I think Miss Cartland is psychologically wrong in her treatment of the situation in that Scottish castle. However, there it is, and in the end Lady Diana, of her own accord, goes to the modern prototype of the Romans who bore away the Sabine women, and, as our dear grandmothers used to say, is "made an honest woman." Likewise, she leaves off lipstick and make-up. As I have said already, an old-fashioned romance placed in the most modern of settings.

A veil has been flung over the hideous happenings in Ireland in the days when the Sinn Fein did its work of terror. Beyond hearsay or stories told us by the victims of that terror, we know practically nothing of that time of bloodshed and destruction. Mr. Frank O'Connor lifts the veil in *Guests of the Nation* (Macmillan: 7*s.* 6*d.*). In the fifteen stories which make up the book he gives us the Ireland of that ghastly time, with all its brutalities, insensate cruelty and destruction, and likewise its humour. These stories are stark reality. They grip you and hold you because of the power and simplicity with which they are written. Mr. O'Connor, I believe, is a newcomer in fiction. Judging from this powerful book he has a big future before him. The murder of the two English soldiers in the first story, which gives the book its title, is unforgettable.

For twenty years Mr. C. W. Domville Fife has had close connection with South America, and in his book, *Modern South America* (Seeley, Service: 21*s.*), you will find the epitome of his experience and knowledge. It is one of the most interesting books I have read, and tells you all sorts of things you never heard of before.

For instance, did you know that the discovery of nitrate of soda in Chile prevented a world-wide famine? "About half a century ago," Mr. Fife tells us, "Europe was faced with an agricultural and social problem of great complexity. Farmers, scientists, and statisticians were alarmed by the prospect of a continent-wide famine which nothing then known could be relied upon to avert. The soil of the Old World had been impoverished by centuries of production, and was showing unmistakable signs that it could no longer yield the vast crops necessary to keep pace with the rapid increase of the population."

Chilean nitrate saved the situation. "Farmers were taught how they could double their crops by treating the land with nitrate," and now Chile exports three million tons a year. Iodine, you will be interested to hear, is a by-product of nitrate. Mr. Fife's knowledge of South America is encyclopædic. He has written a text-book, which should be in all libraries, on that vast country of teeming millions and still unexplored sources of wealth.

You who like Roland Pertwee stories —and most people *do*—will find a happy collection in *Fish are Such Liars* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Some of them are old acquaintances; some are new. But they are all delightful, especially the ones about children and dogs.

After reading *The Wet Parade* (Lawrie: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Upton Sinclair, you feel thankful that you don't live in America. The book tells you all about the liquor traffic, and a hideous traffic it is, surrounded by every sort of corruption and crime. It is written with that wealth of detail in which Mr. Sinclair is a master.

You will be profoundly moved by *A Tenement in Soho* (Jonathan Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by George Thomas. In a foreword, Mr. John Oxenham tells us that the writer is a young man of twenty-seven, hopelessly crippled by progressive muscular atrophy. His mother, two of his brothers, and a sister, all suffer from the same malady. The book is George Thomas's diary, written in a tenement house in the Berwick Market, where the family lived in three rooms. Condemned to a life of inaction, and with increasing helplessness, the optimism of the diary shows the highest courage. As Mr. Oxenham says, the book is of vital human interest, and "will give the student into social conditions a clearer picture of slum-life than many treatises."

"Junius."

By Beauchamp

The Agent: "Tell them the same thing you told them at Slushton last night and at Mudbury on Monday"

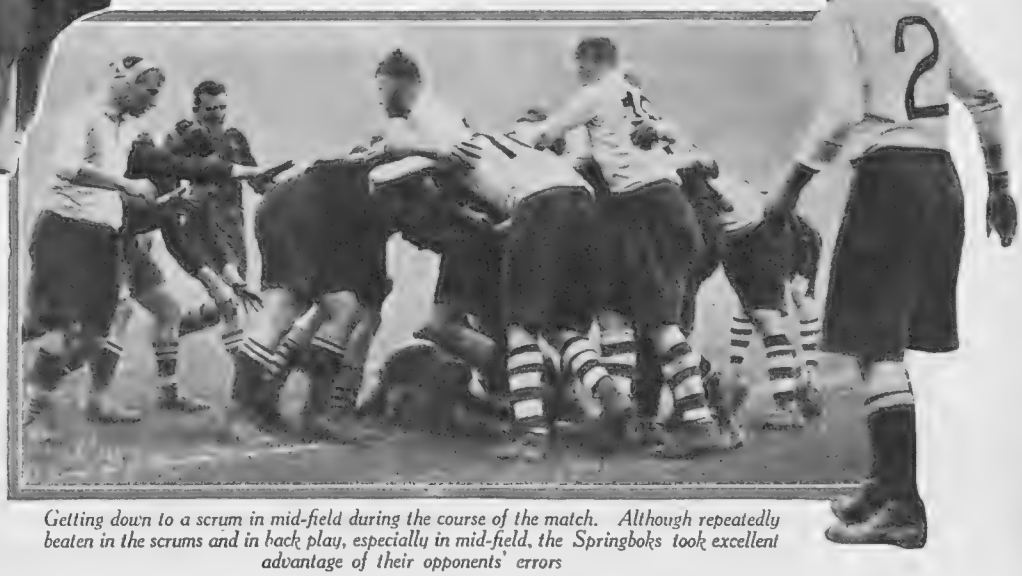
Nervous and Inexperienced Candidate: "But if I keep on telling them *that*, I may come to believe it myself!"

The SPRINGBOKS VANQUISH the MIDLANDS

A Springbok about to punt ahead during the match between the South Africans and the Midland Counties on the Aston Villa Association football ground at Birmingham last week. Twenty thousand spectators witnessed the visitors add yet another victory to their list

D. Craven, the Springboks' scrum-half, gets well away with a clean-heeled ball despite the restraining hand of G. C. Wilkinson, one of the Midland forwards. The Midlands gave the Springboks a much harder fight than did London a few days earlier

J. Van Niekerk, South Africa's finest wing three-quarter, being helped from the field after becoming crocked. This was the first match in which he had played during the tour, for he brought with him to this country an injured knee that went in his first practice game



Getting down to a scrum in mid-field during the course of the match. Although repeatedly beaten in the scrums and in back play, especially in mid-field, the Springboks took excellent advantage of their opponents' errors

Following their runaway victory over London the Springboks visited Birmingham to tackle a strong Midland Counties XV, which they beat by 10 points, the score at no-side being 13 points to their opponents' 3. The visiting forwards worked wonderfully hard, and their determined rushes and hard scrumming were instrumental in bringing about at least one of their tries

ALMOST A SCANDAL (*continued from page* 191)

"What about these old ones?" Derek asked, pointing to some ancient leather volumes on one of the shelves. "Some of these old books, first editions and what not, cost a deuce of a lot, you know."

"Daddy's had those for years," said Diana. "I'm positive there aren't any new books here except the ones I got for him in Town. I know this library inside out."

"Well, let's ignore the letter altogether," Derek suggested. "I don't see any reason why you should pay your father's debts."

"Oh, Derek! I must, if they're real debts. He always hated to feel that he owed money."

Derek thought it was needlessly quixotic to want to pay a dead man's debts, since he himself never bothered about his own. But he refrained from pointing out that Mr. Nesbit would be unlikely to worry in Heaven about the debts which he had contracted on earth.

"You can't afford to pay it," he said. "Seventy-five pounds will make a jolly big hole in your capital."

"I can't help that," said Diana. "I must pay if he really owed the money. Daddy would wish it."

Derek wrote to Hepplestone saying that he was attending to the late Mr. Nesbit's estate, but was unable to find any books bought during the years 1929 and 1930, and would Mr. Hepplestone be kind enough to send a list of the books supplied.

He received the following reply:

Derek Leicester, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

This is a very painful matter to me. If the amount owing were not so considerable I would willingly pass the matter over and save the relations of the late Mr. Nesbit unnecessary pain and anguish. But, unfortunately, I am unable, as you will readily understand, to lose so large a sum.

I enclose a list of the books which I supplied to Mr. Nesbit. It is not surprising that you are unable to find them among his effects. I sincerely hope you will be able to settle the account out of hand without troubling the family.

I am,

Yours obediently,

ANDREW HEPPLESTONE.

The enclosed list was certainly a shock. And, as the bookseller said, it was not surprising that they had been unable to find the books. They were not the sort of volumes one would leave lying about for anybody to see. Derek hadn't particularly liked Mr. Nesbit, but he found it hard to believe that the white-haired old clergyman, whose only interest in life had appeared to be his daughter, his duty, and his Harmony of the Gospels, should have secretly revelled in literature of that type.

"I wouldn't have shown that list to Diana," Derek said to me, "for anything in the world. It brought a blush even to my cheek. You can imagine it was a pretty hot one to do that!"

The first thing Derek did was to have another search for the books—when Diana wasn't there. But he was disappointed; they were nowhere to be found. Finally, he concluded that the old man must have destroyed them.

At first he thought that the best thing to do would be to settle the bill himself and tell Diana that the bookseller had written to say that he had made a mistake. But the more he thought about that list, the more incredible the whole affair seemed.

He decided in the end to go up to London and see the bookseller. I don't know what he expected to gain from such an interview; I don't think he knew himself. He told Diana that the bookseller had not replied to his letter, and that as he had to go up to London for a few days to attend to some business of his own, he would take this opportunity of settling the matter.

When he arrived in London he went to the bookshop and found it shut. He went four times altogether, and found it shut every time.

Then he wrote and made an appointment. Again when he went the shop was shut, but this time when he rang the door was opened by Mr. Hepplestone.

The bookseller was a shifty-looking individual with foxy eyes.

"I've come about this matter of the books you supplied to Mr. Nesbit," said Derek.

"Ah, yes," the bookseller replied. "A most unfortunate business. Very unfortunate indeed. A great pity he didn't settle the matter before he died and so save this bother. I do hope you have not been obliged to acquaint his relations with the nature of the books?"

Derek had taken an immediate dislike to Mr. Hepplestone. He was confirmed in his suspicions that there was something fishy about the whole business.

"No," he said. "I've not shown Miss Nesbit the list. But, of course, she will want to know what the books are when I tell her that she must pay the seventy-five pounds."

"Fourteen shillings and sixpence," the bookseller added. "That is most unfortunate. *Most* unfortunate."

Derek began to nose round the shop. There were shelves and shelves of books, all thickly covered with dust. The entire place was dirty. It was quite obvious that not much business was ever conducted on the premises.

"I called several times before I wrote to you, but found the shop shut."

"Yes," said Mr. Hepplestone. "Most of my business, in fact I might say all of it, is done by post. I have a great deal of trade with America."

"All the sort of books which Mr. Nesbit bought?" Derek asked.

"A certain amount Of course, it is very distasteful to me, but I have my living to make, and must sell what people want to buy."

"I find it very hard to believe," said Derek, "that Mr. Nesbit should have found that type of literature interesting. He was such a quiet old chap, you know."

"Indeed? I never saw Mr. Nesbit personally. Appearances are often deceptive, I'm afraid."

"We've not been able to find any of the books."

"No doubt Mr. Nesbit took great care to hide them safely," said the bookseller unmoved.

Derek was still nosing round the shop pretending to be interested in the books. He was beginning to think that he would have to pay up and look pleasant. Although he was almost convinced by now that Mr. Nesbit had never bought the books, he saw no way out of the difficulty. It would be very unpleasant if the bookseller were to go to law about it. Perhaps he would win the case, and then Diana would think that her father. . . . Derek knew that whatever happened he must keep that list from Diana.

As he wandered round the shop he noticed that the bookseller seemed anxious to keep him away from a desk in the corner

"Well," he said, "I'd better give you a cheque."

Taking his cheque-book out of his pocket he brushed past the bookseller to the desk. He sat down and took out his fountain pen. On the desk was an unopened copy of *The Times*. In the column of Deaths three names were marked by a pencilled cross . . . three names of clergymen.

At once Derek saw what the man's game was.

"Were any of the books illustrated?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said the bookseller. "Most of them had illustrations of a type which we call 'curious' in the trade."

"And none of the books were in Braille?"

"In Braille? Oh, no."

"That's most odd!" said Derek, returning his cheque-book and pen to his pocket without having written out the cheque. "You see, for the last ten years of his life Mr. Nesbit was completely blind."

"You should have seen the man wilt!" Derek said to me. "He looked as though he'd seen a ghost."

"That was rather brilliant of you, Derek," I said. "Naturally, you informed the police of the man's nefarious activities; and Diana, when you told her how clever you had been, consented to be yours."

"Well," said Derek, "I haven't seen Diana yet, but I have hopes. And I didn't give the man in charge . . ."

"What?" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that blackguard is still at large, extorting money from the executors of every clergyman in the country who has the misfortune to die—money which is paid without a murmur in order to keep the dreadful scandal from the ears of the relations?"

"I hadn't the heart to have him arrested."

"Hadn't the heart!" I cried incredulously.

"'Live and let live,' you know. . . . Besides," added Derek, "Mr. Hepplestone was decent enough to make me a present of every book on the list. Care to have a squint at them some time?"

S. S.

FLYING NOTES

A BOOM IN FLYING — By Capt. C. E. Ward

Mr. Thornton-Norris explaining his Air Log (seen inset) to Miss Spicer at the London Aeroplane Club. The instrument is shown fitted in a Puss Moth, but it can be easily fitted to any type of machine

Will it Arrive Next Year ?

THERE is a distinct possibility that next year will see a tremendous advance in flying, not so much on the technical side, but in the volume of traffic and the increasing use to which aircraft will be put. To begin with, the example set by the Prince of Wales, our leading private owner, and by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who carried out a large part of his election tour by air, is bound to have a cumulative effect. In no other country have the leading citizens taken up flying as in England. Bookings by Imperial Airways, which usually fall off as winter approaches, have been maintained at summer levels, and with the new Handley-Page machines on the Continental and Indian services, that much-abused term "the luxury air-liner" is justified at last. I can recommend the Handley-Page, because I made a quick trip to Paris last week in quite cold weather, and found the cabins warm enough to sit comfortably without hat or overcoat, besides which the eats and drinks were excellent, and all appointments are up to first-class Pullman standard. Out of twenty-five passengers on the outward trip, five were flying for the first time, and all of them said when they arrived in Paris that it was the only way to travel in comfort combined with speed.

At the Clubs and Schools

THE number of members and pupils is increasing, very largely because people anticpate cheaper machines next year, and also on account of the feeling that our period of depression is ending. Details are not yet available of at least one new type which will be on the market in the spring, but its price, somewhere between £400 and £500, will bring flying within the reach of several thousands of people who have been unable to afford £600 or more. It is interesting to note that 160 pupils have passed through the "Air Service Training" course during the first three months of its operation, and as the School at Hamble was intended to be the leading institution of its kind in the world, its success so early in its career is one of the good signs of the times. The instructors' course is very popular at the moment, probably for the reason that regulations in the near future will prohibit unqualified people from giving tuition in flying. Lieut.-Colonel Pickard, who is the Secretary of the National Safety First Association, has joined the Brooklands School, where special instruction is given in navigation and blind flying. Regular evening classes in all theoretical subjects are being held at the College of Aeronautical Engineering, Sidney Street, Chelsea, during the winter, and the Royal Aeronautical Society has a very full lecture programme. These items may sound a little dull, but to get the full use of one's own aeroplane, and the most enjoyment out of flying, a certain amount of ground work is essential.

An Air Log

IT is surprising what inconvenience one suffers until a new invention appears, without which no reasonable person finds that he or she can possibly carry on. Until a short time ago no instrument had ever been available to tell a pilot for how long he had been flying on any particular trip, and at the same time give him the total flying hours since the instrument was fitted. Regulations are such that private owners must overhaul their machines after so many hours flying, and people who fill up their log-books correctly after each flight being unknown, the value of an automatic recording instrument is obvious. As an aid to navigation the Air Log enables pilots to check their course at certain definite intervals. Mr. Thornton-Norris is the inventor, to whom enquiries should be addressed London, W.9. During Captain Barnard's tour of the British Isles this summer the machines making up his Circus flew more than 150,000 miles, and each was fitted with an Air Log. The instrument is entirely automatic in its action and, of course, can be fitted to any type of machine.

Chevalier A. F. d'Ydewalle after landing at Heston in a Puss Moth owned by the Parker Duofold Company. Since leaving London in August he has visited the Parker Pen Company's distributing centres in seventeen capitals, and has left England again for a flight covering 32,000 miles in the Near East. Northern Africa, and South Western Europe

With the Moths Abroad

WHETHER one considers the Moth and its Gipsy engine as a unit, or in combination with other engines and machines, one or other is to be found in every country where flying takes place, and this means nowadays throughout the world. Gipsy engines in the Tour of France during August were the only ones to complete the course without carrying out any repairs.

SHOOTING NOTES

RECRUIT YOUR BEATERS — By "Clodhopper"

Major Howard Evans (left), one of the guns, Mr. J. Kent, one of the judges, and the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood, with her Hiwood Chance, at the recent field trials of the Labrador Retriever Club. They were held last week at Lilford, near Thrapston, in Northamptonshire

IN every agricultural district farmers, in anticipation of more prosperous times under a Protectionist Government, are now going ahead like steam, lifting their root crops and preparing the arables for winter sowing. This means, of course, that comparatively few agricultural labourers are unemployed. In some parts of the country where big estates have been cut up, or where a misunderstanding exists between the order of landowners or shooting syndicates and the neighbouring farmers, the latter will not release their farm-hands to drive or beat, as the case may be, at local shoots.

WHERE such unhappy conditions obtain between shooting men and farmers, the hedge alehouses, highways and byways, and the Labour Exchange even, may have to be drawn for the necessary material. But, unfortunately, such raw material is almost invariably of precious poor quality.

AN agreement between the owner or lessee of a sporting property and a tenant-farmer should contain a clause to the effect that the latter, when required to do so, must release a certain number of men in his employ to act as drivers or beaters during shooting operations on the estate. This arrangement is very general on the principal shoots in the Midlands and Lincolnshire. The bulk of our hard-hit farmers are only too anxious to further sport, be it shooting or hunting, for all of us. Or perhaps it would be better to say, to those of us who have been taught to treat these good men with the consideration and courtesy which is their due, and which they naturally expect to receive from sportsmen who shoot or ride over the land they cultivate. It occurs to one, too, that this is a seasonable moment in which to remind some forgetful shooting people that an occasional brace of pheasants, judiciously bestowed, goes a long way towards cementing good feeling between sportsman and husbandman.

Another photograph taken at the Labrador Retriever Club's trials at Lilford. The Earl of Chesterfield's Beningborough Teazle is seen retrieving in the All-Aged Stakes

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

WHEN PHEASANTS ARE EASY

WITH real pheasant shooting now coming into full swing the man who aspires to do well and register a definite advance in proficiency must watch and control his mental attitude. To keep still and unflustered, to concentrate on one's own piece of front, to watch an approaching bird and take it with the same celerity as if it had just appeared, are the leading elements of good style. To shoot early is important, the test of perfect distance being to drop birds in front rather than behind. The actual shot should display hardly any swing, since pronounced swing amounts to following, which is fatal. Let the muzzles come into the line of flight of the bird and pass into alignment beyond with a nice easy action taking its speed from that of the bird. Forward allowance must be instinctively given, in fact the whole process must be left to instinct, yet the senses must be alert to distinguish whether the tendency is to be in front or behind. In these days of practice at fast clay birds one is as likely as the other, depending on the conditions of the day, personal or external Just as there is no mistaking whether a rabbit is struck fore or aft, so with birds taken inside thirty yards range head-and-neck impacts are as unmistakable as satisfactory. First-class shooting depends on lack of anxiety at the start and as soon as may be settling down into alert confidence. If the settling down should be unaccountably delayed confidence is more than ever necessary.

I HAVE already enjoyed a couple of hours covert-shooting. True, it was more or less an impromptu affair, and confined to the exploitation of two or three small outlying woods and spinneys by half a dozen guns and a dozen beaters; nor was the total of pheasants and "various" anything to write home about, though a woodcock—probably one of a freshly arrived flight—did find its way into the bag.

ON the other hand, we found that the recent strong winds and heavy rainfalls had "thinned" the under-covert sufficiently well to render covert-shooting practicable. It is, therefore, high time to enter into preliminaries in regard to the recruiting of your beaters, where to place stops, the numbering and placing of stands, and many other details if you intend opening your campaign against the long-tails early next month. When possible, engage "locals" as beaters, and leave it to your head keeper to select keen and active rustics who have not only a thorough knowledge of the topography of the shoot and of the work to be done in covert, but who may also be relied upon to do an honest day's bush-whacking for an honest day's wage without grumbling, falling out of line, or giving tongue. In short, men who can be relied upon to obey orders quietly and implicitly.

The first cigarette NEWS for over 40 years

. . . a filter tip that holds throat irritants in check

THE du Maurier filter tip is the most effective means of preventing throat irritation and cough.

The impurities that exist in tobacco leaf are, of course, removed during manufacture by the recognised modern methods of careful preparation.

This is not enough, because it is on burning the tobacco that the real causes of irritation and smoker's throat are developed—the acrid products of combustion. These can only be removed from the smoke itself.

The du Maurier filter tip is prepared from the only substance known to science able to retain them. By cutting out the bad, the good is emphasised. Fine Virginia leaf becomes even more delectable. The proof is in the smoking.

Photo: Peter North.

The cigarettes with the filter tip gained their first enthusiast in Sir Gerald du Maurier. As a mark of appreciation of their unique qualities he has permitted us to name them after him.

voyds.

THE du Maurier filter tip has seven tangible advantages . . . It protects the lips and teeth from stain . . . It retains irritant "acrids" and is, therefore, the only effective method of preventing smoker's throat . . . It collects tobacco tar, thus guarding physical fitness . . . It stops bits of tobacco getting into the mouth . . . It avoids burning the tongue . . . It makes the smoke delightfully sweet and cool, bringing out the flavour . . . It gives a cleaner, healthier and more satisfying smoke.

Concerning du Maurier Virginia *The Lancet* (January 24th, 1931—page 194) writes: "We find these cigarettes to be cooler and less irritating to the mucous membrane than ordinary cigarettes of good quality without the filter tip."

20 for 1/-
50 for 2/6

du MAURIER
FILTER TIP VIRGINIA

A product of Peter Jackson, 217, Piccadilly, W.1.

DOGS

LOVE OR LUCRE? — By Lady Kitty Ritson

I BOW, abase and debase myself before the Alsatian breed in general, and cry mea culpa! I announced two weeks ago that Alsatians did not work well at the Army Dog Trials, and neither did they from what I saw. It was true that Ch. Crigga, the Malinois, won the Military Stakes, but after I had left Kraft van Laere, an Alsatian, won the Open Stakes in the record time of eleven minutes. So I must take back all I said.

I HAVE bred and trained Alsatians for more years than I like to think, and I know them pretty well. As a breed, they are extremely lovable and very affectionate, and they are certainly easier to teach than any other breed. This is borne out by a well-known trainer who has trained almost every breed in turn. The ordinary, not bred-in-the-purple Alsatian is a treasure, particularly the bitches; they are also hardy and they adore children. The show ones, with very, very few exceptions, are nasty dogs, too much in-bred and seldom with any brains. They are nervy and have bad feet. My candid advice is to buy an Alsatian puppy whose parents are Floss and Jack, not Ch. Snooks and Ch. Toddles, and you will never want a better pal. You can get a puppy for four or five guineas, and he will be a joy to you for twelve years or more, and when he dies you will never be able to buy any other breed.

Now this is the advice of a candid breeder who has had her successes in the show ring, and it is not a case of sour grapes. There is no money in the breed, and the dogs degenerate if kept in masses in a kennel. There has been so much nonsense talked about the breed, both for and against, that the ordinary man in the street is absolutely bewildered, but the above is the complete truth.

LOOKING AT LIFE

Five little Setter puppies in their temporary home. They are from the well-known "Nut-brown" Kennels in Hampshire

I AM sometimes asked whether there is money to be made in dog breeding. Well, you can make a competence if you are not sentimental, and don't mind where your dogs go after they leave you.

A NEW breed will occasionally "boom" like Alsations did, and then there is a whole pot of money to be made. When very big prices change hands, there is not much fear of dogs going to bad homes, because people think them so valuable. I can remember when I sold Alsatian puppies for twenty-five and thirty guineas, and cleared over three hundred pounds in two litters. There has never been such a boom since. Soon you may see the spectacle of another breed fetching big prices. I know the breed, but at the moment wild horses would not cause me to divulge its name. I will let you into the secret when the time comes.

BUT dog-coping is not for the sentimentalist. I still suffer because I once sold a bitch that I bred to somebody who sold her again, and I believe she went to a bad home, and the worst of it is I can't trace her. But most of my puppies are in places where they are spoilt (in the right way), and that is the only way one can sell and yet be able to keep a happy conscience.

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Souper

HUÎTRES SAUTÉS À LA CRÈME.
OU
TIMBALES DE POISSON.

SALADE DE PERDRIX.

MACÉDOINE DE FRUITS.

WELSH RAREBIT.

CAFÉ.

Huîtres Sautés à la Crème

PUT a quart of water over one pint of oysters, drain and chop them fine. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, put them into a sauté pan, stir in the oysters, dust with salt and pepper, and sauté until well browned. Add two tablespoonfuls of finely crushed biscuit crumbs and three-quarters of a teacupful of cream. Stir all together and cook three minutes. Serve in small casserole cups.

Timbales de Poisson

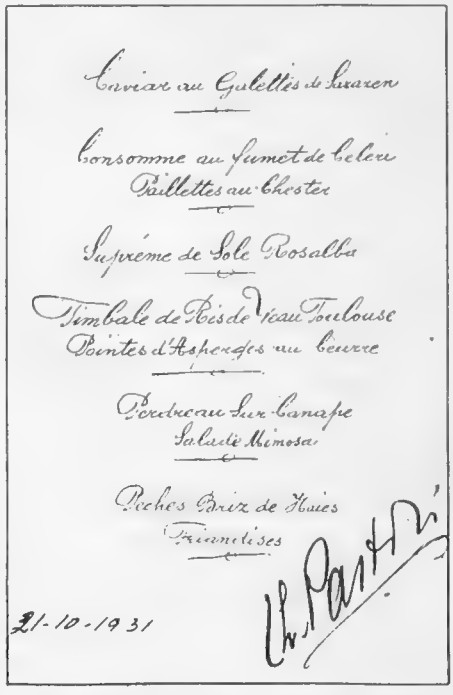
THIS may be made in two ways, but the fish must be prepared in the same way for either. It may be cooked or uncooked. The former takes less time, because it is easier to rub through a sieve, which is the first process. It can then be seasoned, mixed with a good white sauce and one or two eggs, put into small moulds and poached or steamed in a saucepan and served hot with some delicate sauce. Or the purée of fish may be mixed with equal quantities of béchamel sauce and strong aspic jelly; in this case it is gently cooked in the sauce, rubbed through the sieve, again mixed with the jelly, and served, prettily decorated, in fluted china or paper cases.

Salade de Perdrix

CUT some cold roast partridge (or any other game) into neat pieces, and let them marinade for an hour in a mixture of oil and vinegar, seasoned with salt, pepper, and chopped tarragon. Then arrange the game in a salad bowl, surround with shredded lettuce, and decorate the whole with two or three hard-boiled eggs in quarters, a few sliced gherkins, and filleted anchovies. Sprinkle over the mixture in which the game was marinaded.

Welsh Rarebit

TAKE half a gill of milk, 3 oz. of Cheddar cheese cut into small dice, one egg, 1 oz. of butter, and seasoning. Put the milk into a sauté pan and bring it to the boil. Add the cheese, the egg (previously beaten), season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Stir, cooking slowly until quite smooth, or resembling thick cream. Remove the pan from the flame and reheat. Pour the mixture over slices of toasted and buttered bread and serve quickly. The secret of this dish is careful and continuous stirring so that it is smooth and creamy.



The menu of an attractive dinner served recently at Grosvenor House, in Park Lane. It has been signed by M. Pastori the maître d'hotel

ALL SEASONS ARE ALIKE TO THE OWNER OF A NEW FORD

Hot or cold, fine or stormy, the FORD Owner scores. Whether he prefers closed, convertible or open body-work, textile or leathern upholstery, bright, lively colour-schemes or something a little more sedate, he — *or*, of course, she — can find just what is wanted, *really* wanted, in the New FORD range of passenger cars.

Look at that illustrated: It is the New De Luxe Fordor saloon, £225 at Works. It seats five fully-grown folk really roomily. It has a safety-glass windscreen and an automatic screen-wiper. It has illuminated direction-indicators, four double-acting hydraulic shock-absorbers, four-wheel brakes, fenders (or bumpers) fore and aft, five detachable wheels with amply large tyres, a combined stop and tail light, a lamp on the instrument-board, speedometer, theft-proof ignition-lock, petrol-gauge, and the exterior of the body is finished in cellulose lacquer and stainless steel — the next thing to self-cleaning. Inside the rear compartment are arm-rests at either end of the seat, and a disappearing centre-rest. The sunshine roof is noiseless, draught-proof, leak-proof.

As fast as it's safe to travel, this New FORD model costs less, to buy, to run, to maintain, year after year, than any other car of its carrying-capacity and performance; yet its price is £225, at Works.

LINCOLN Ford FORDSON

AIRCRAFT

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • 88 REGENT STREET • LONDON, W.1

GOLF GOSSIP By Lieut.-Col. W. Elwy Jones

A GREAT deal of interest was shown in the *Morning Post* finals at Sandy Lodge.

Twelve players with handicaps varying from 10 to 18 fought a great fight for possession of the trophy, and Sandy Lodge was ready to test their play to the full extent. The winner was W. Pendleton, of the Cleveland Club, an eighteen handicap man, with 76 and 78 =154. Pendleton played a cautious game, taking no risks, and his policy proved to be the right one. Sandy Lodge is a difficult course for the long handicap man, and there are some long carries from the back tees, and had some of the younger players adopted the cautious tactics of the winner there might have been a very different result. Pendleton having returned a 76 in the morning started his second round badly with a 7, but then settled down.

Robert Heild presenting the "Morning Post" Challenge Cup for long-handicap golfers to the winner, W. Pendleton. With a handicap of 18, he returned a score of 154 in the competition, which took place at Sandy Lodge

* * *

C. H. HOLE was unlucky, for he only needed to do the last two holes in nine to win; at the long seventeenth he played a very risky third shot which landed in the bounding ditch, and eventually took eight for the hole; a two at the famous short eighteenth would have enabled him to tie, but this is no easy hole, the drive must carry over a steep sand cliff, and he failed and finished two strokes behind Pendleton.

Mr. Francis Markes, who has done so much for Sandy Lodge, in a letter to the *Morning Post* expressed his delight in having the finalists there, and invited all unsuccessful competitors who do not know Sandy Lodge to try the course when they visit London. Surely this is the right spirit, and it is just what I should have expected from Mr. Markes and the members of his committee, knowing something of their hospitality.

I am sure the *Morning Post* Tournament will do a great deal of good for golf, and I trust it will be an even greater success next year.

* * *

COLONEL H. D. BUCHANAN-DUNLOP (6), with an aggregate of 149, won the Prince of Wales Cup at the Royal St. George's Club autumn meeting at Sandwich. His second round score of 81 less 6=75 also gave him a win in the tie for the Sandwich Corporation Cup, for which three other competitors had tied. Robert Harris won the Captain's Medal for the best scratch aggregate at the spring and autumn meetings with 77 and 73= 150. Club Mementoes were won by Douglas Grant, 77, and Capt. A. M. Wakefield, 78 less 6=72.

* * *

THE 19th Club held their house dinner on Monday, the 19th, and although this is only the eighth month of the club, over seventy attended, amongst whom were the Countess of Lathom, Lord Tennyson, the Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe, and P. G. Fender. Mr. T. Jones was in the chair, and it was announced that the chairman at the next dinner would be Mr G. D. Roberts (Khaki Roberts), who was standing as the National Conservative candidate for Wigan.

The 19th Club is fielding a very hot side for their match with the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society on November 7th; amongst their players will be Major Charles Hazlet, Dale Bourn, and Douglas Fish.

Leonard Gullick is making a great success of this club.

* * *

AT the autumn meeting of the Stage G.S. at Moor Park, the Oscar Asche Challenge Bowl was won by H. G. Stoker, who is playing in *Take Two from One* at the Haymarket, with all-square. Basil Foster is another actor who has been distinguishing himself on the links recently, and playing at Woking against the Oxford and Cambridge G.S. went round in a wonderful 73—a very fine performance.

* * *

THE golf meeting held by the Ford Motor Co., Ltd., at Stoke Poges recently was a great success. There were seventy competitors for the Edsel Ford Cup, which was won by Mr. R. E. Hamilton, of Belfast, with 84 less 12=72, but only after a tie with Mr. J. Ross, the tie being decided on the last nine holes. Sir Percival Perry, who presented a challenge trophy as a mystery prize, decided on nine secret holes, seven in the morning round and two in the afternoon. This was won by Mr. W. Waters. There is something very fascinating about these mystery prizes; the idea is excellent. A card marred by perhaps one bad hole may still win a prize, so that it encourages an otherwise disheartened player to carry on.

A fleet of cars awaited the guests after play was over, and I could not help thinking how different they looked to the old "Lizzies" of the War.

S. E. Carter, of Knole, whose handicap is 16, driving from the eighteenth tee in the 'Morning Post' competition at Sandy Lodge. Watching him is C. H. Hole (Sherwood Forest), who finished second with two strokes more than the winner

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *Photograph* *Navana*

A FASHIONABLE COATEE AND HAT

It is the collar that counts in the coats of to-day. This one, from Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., is of Persian lamb cloth, while the ultra smart hat is of felt enriched with a single flower

RUSSIAN TUNIC, CELES MODELS

PAYMENTS BY THE INSTALMENT SYSTEM

Admirably tailored and perfectly cut are these shirt blouses which bear the name of "Celes." They are of pure silk and are sold by all outfitters of prestige at greatly reduced prices

The Blouse Coatee

THE blouse has taken unto itself a new lease of life; it has annexed many of the characteristics of the coatee. It is made in a variety of materials; it is usually pastel tinted, the ensemble that accompanies it being dark. For instance, with a chestnut suit the blouse would be of the palest cinnamon nuance. The majority tuck in and are accompanied by a narrow belt; some, however, are provided with a detachable basque. Many of them have narrow tucks on the shoulders and are finished with step revers. A revival that is soon to be accorded a warm welcome is the long Russian tunic, the slight fall-over emphasised with a narrow belt. It looks particularly well in lamé, velvet and crêpe de Chine. More often than not it is trimmed with fur. The Celes models illustrated are well cut and finished, and are endowed with individual touches that ever place these pure silk productions on a plane apart. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that prices for these accessories have been greatly reduced, but not the quality.

The Instalment System of Payment

TOO much cannot be said in favour of the instalment system of payment inaugurated by Corot at 33, Old Bond Street. The price is the same whether cash is paid or an instalment account is opened. There are models for every occasion and every income at prices ranging from three to twenty guineas. Should a visit not be possible this firm will send a very complete catalogue with order and measurement form. Pictured on this page is a much-to-be-desired black cloth coat; the modified Medici collar is outlined with fur, and it is reinforced with a single slanting rever. The sleeves are likewise trimmed with fur, while frills appear at the hem of the coat. An important feature of this coat is that, although the latest commands of fashion are reflected in it, it will remain undated indefinitely.

Evening Frocks and Coatees

THERE is no more appropriate complement to an evening dress than a Corot coatee. There are some of lovely gold and silver brocade with becoming collars of dyed hare with unusual sleeves. They are five guineas cash, or they may be paid for by 15*s*. monthly instalments. There are black lace evening gowns mounted on crêpe de Chine slips with jackets for four guineas.

This winter coat gives to the figure the much-to-be-desired slender silhouette. It is carried out in black cloth and is trimmed with dyed musquash. It is sponsored by Corot, 33, Old Bond Street, W., where payments by the instalment system prevail

MONDAY: I wonder if this new technique will ever make my teeth white and attractive?

TUESDAY: I can't believe my eyes! Ugly yellow and stain are actually disappearing!

WEDNESDAY: Now I know that anyone can have clean, sparkling white teeth. Look at mine!

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Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for just 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then note the improvement. Teeth look 3 shades whiter. Gums feel firmer; they are healthier. Your mouth tingles with a clean, fresh taste.

When Kolynos enters the mouth it becomes an antiseptic FOAM that gets into every pit, fissure and crevice and quickly kills the millions of germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath and cause stain, discoloration, decay and most gum diseases. Acids are neutralised, tartar is erased and the mouth is purified.

Thus teeth are easily and quickly cleaned as they should be cleaned—right down to the beautiful, naked white enamel without injury.

Make This Test

If you want sound, sparkling white teeth and firm, pink gums start using the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique—get a tube of Kolynos—the antiseptic Dental Cream from your chemist to-day.

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DENTAL CREAM

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LIQUID KOLYNOS The antiseptic and delightfully refreshing mouth-wash, gargle, or spray (highly concentrated.) **PRICE NOW** 1/9 per flask—at all chemists.

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"After having tried several preparations of infant food I have found out that "Lactogen" has given the best results so far for my own baby and those who have been using it under my direction and observation. "Lactogen" is easily digested and assimilated by infants as well as readily prepared, not to mention its high food value. Unlike some artificial milk preparations it is non-constipating." ——— *M.D.*

Babies do well when put on Lactogen. It agrees with them. Now Doctors and Nurses everywhere are telling Mothers "Baby will thrive if you put him on Lactogen."
Lactogen is pure, fresh, full-cream modified dried milk with extra cream and natural milk sugar added, made in all important respects exactly like breast milk.

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Start your Baby right. Send for the useful little booklet, "Early Days," and a Free Sample of Lactogen—the Better Milk for Babies. For Baby's sake send now

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In making use LESS QUANTITY it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE

MOTOR NOTES

Miss Binnie Hale, the popular musical-comedy actress, regards her new car with pardonable pride. It is an Austin Sixteen "Burnham" Saloon

THE SHOW'S THE THING

By E. M. WRIGHT

WAS Olympia a success? There were many wild Cassandras who foretold its doom even before the doors had opened. Many wore long faces at the Show, but there were more who smiled. The Paris Salon, said the pessimists, was a frost. Olympia will be the same. It is still too early to judge. My own impression is that it was a success. This is not mere personal optimism, but is based on many a talk with all sorts and conditions of men. No question that we had the cars to sell; no question that the winners *did* sell in large numbers. Despite the obvious handicaps under which the Motor Show laboured, it has justified itself. In the coming months those who steadfastly refused to listen to the Jeremiahs may prove themselves the truest prophets of all. This year's Show was perhaps not so brilliant as others in the past. Nevertheless, it has remained true to tradition, despite crises and elections.

***

AS I predicted, attendances were down, but, although the figures show a marked decrease, I repeat that the Show was a success. It was an excellent window display, and in this workaday world there is nothing ever to be gained by hiding one's light under a bushel. Best of all was the feature made of the aeroplane, the car, and the speed boat with which we have secured the world's records in the air, on the land, and on water. Such an exhibit did show to everyone who visited Olympia that we are *not* down and out, but are very much on top.

***

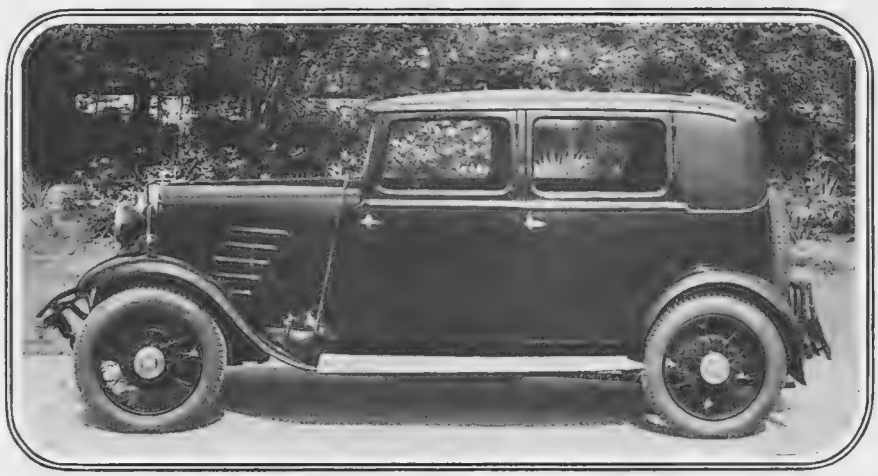
THE present economic crisis gives added weight to the arguments of those who oppose an annual Show. I fully expect in the next week or so to hear this year's diminished attendances brought forward as convincing proof that an annual Show is a mistake. But let us analyse this diminished attendance. On the popular days there were far fewer visitors—with the result, incidentally, that everyone had a far better chance of seeing the cars. But on the opening day, the "buying day," if I may describe it as such, there was a considerably greater attendance. One visitor on the first Thursday is worth a dozen on Friday or Saturday. Out of the mist of rumours and of wild stories of big orders emerge a few solid facts which cannot be overlooked. Manufacturers do not work on night shifts unless the demand justifies such a course, and many factories will be working day and night for months to come. Orders were forthcoming, and on stand after stand I came across evidence of good business done in quarters where hitherto there has been slackness and apathy.

***

THE Continent is beginning to appreciate the fact that we *do* build cars. In Australia there is a growing demand for our cars. One of the leading concessionaires in Sydney was full of optimism; not only did he consider the British light car to-day a real "selling proposition" in Australia, but he was convinced that better economic conditions in that country, and the prospect of increased tariff preference, would definitely boost the sales of British cars.

***

SO much for the credit side. The fault of Olympia—and I fear it is a fault which will not easily be cured—is that it upsets the even flow of production. Improvements and changes are apt to be made, not as they become necessary, but at yearly intervals; and in many cases the changes introduced are designed not so much with the idea of improving the appearance or performance of the car, but of tickling the public fancy with a suggestion of novelty. Production moves in a series of jerks. For a month or two before the Show the works are slack pending the appearance of new models. During the months which follow the Show there is quite unnecessary rush and hurry. Industry generally will gain when production is spread as evenly as seasonal demand will allow over the whole twelve months; and the popularity of cars which do not change from year to year is clear evidence that, in fact, the public is not for ever clamouring for something new. Design a good model and stick to it—that is a policy which has proved remarkably successful wherever it has been followed.



The new Crossley "Ten" Family Saloon. This excellent model is priced as low as £265

***

BUT with all its obvious shortcomings Olympia is still the world's motor fair. It is a meeting for buyers from every part of the globe, and the oftener they meet the more business is done. We need stability in design, but we also need change. A Motor Show every two years would not, I fear, encourage manufacturers to introduce improvements gradually, which is, of course, the ideal. It would probably tend to freeze design not for one year,

(Continued on page iv)

Visit the **SUDAN** *this Winter*

S.S. "GEDID" LEAVING KHARTOUM FOR JUBA.

KHARTOUM can be reached either via Egypt or direct by steamer to Port Sudan and thence by train-de-luxe. The social life of Khartoum during the season (December to March), the scenes of Wild Life on the Southern reaches of the White Nile, or interesting short trips organised by the Sudan Government Railways and Steamers from Khartoum offer a unique variety of experiences to those in search of something out of the ordinary. To the Sportsmen it is Paradise. It is also a new route to or from UGANDA and KENYA, via Juba and Nimulie, where connection is made with the services of the Kenya and Uganda Railways to Nairobi and Mombasa.

THE SUDAN is one of the most easily accessible countries in which Big Game abounds, and its large territory affords a most varied choice of shooting grounds.

PRIVATE STEAMERS can be chartered at fixed rates which include catering, servants, transport animals, forage and attendants, bearers, skinners and camp equipment.

Full particulars obtainable from:—

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Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1.

Telegrams: Sudanology, Sowest, London. *Telephone: Victoria 6313.*

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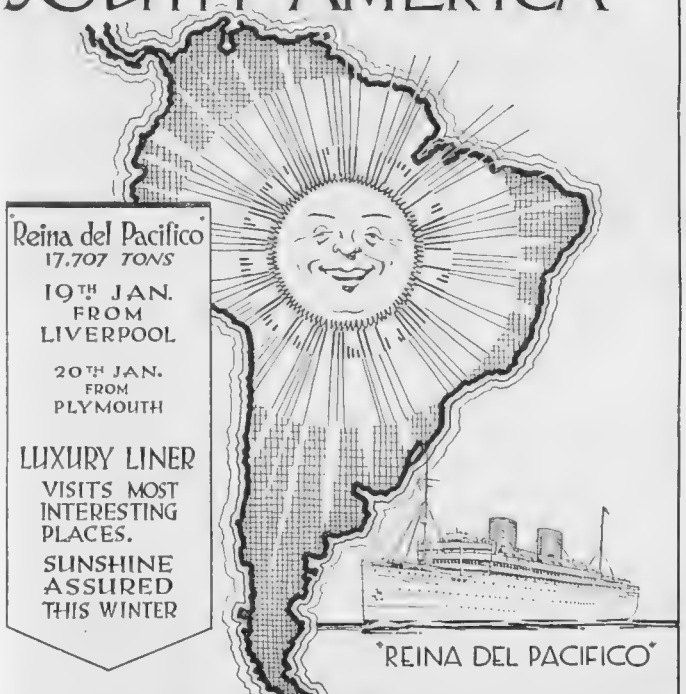

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£80.10s.

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£91.10s.

Cheaper Tickets for Second-Class accommodation are also available, and Nile trips can be arranged in connection with the Combined Tickets.

(*Note:—In Egypt the exchange value of the £ sterling remains unchanged.*)

Combined Tickets, Illustrated Brochure and further information may be obtained from

THE STEAMSHIP COMPANIES + OFFICES of COOK-WAGONS-LITS + AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY COX & KINGS and DEAN & DAWSON

also at the

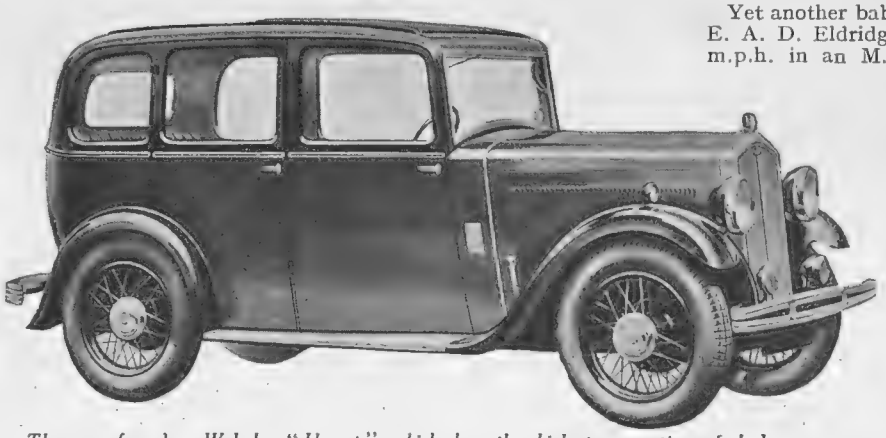
EGYPT TRAVEL BUREAU, 60, REGENT St., LONDON, W.1.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

but for two years in succession, and actually we should be worse off than we are now. And, lastly, there is no question that the sight of a new model does encourage the average motorist to buy. If nothing new is offered there is far less reason why he should sell his existing car and buy another. Annual Shows keep the manufacturer up to the mark and encourage trade.

***

In the past I have groused freely about the arrangements at Olympia, but this year I will forget my grouses. Olympia is not perfect, but it is better run than any other motor show I have ever seen, and was this year, more than ever before, a "popular" Show. Reductions in the price of admission evened out the crowd. There are many who will not spend 5s. for a hurried visit. For the average busy man the only time he can visit Olympia is either in the evening or on Saturday. Half-crown admission in the evening was an excellent innovation, making a short visit worth while. Next year I hope the authorities will go a step farther and extend the period of the Show.



The new four-door Wolseley "Hornet," which has the highest proportion of body-space to chassis-length ever achieved. The price, with silent-third, four-speed box, rear petrol tank, Triplex screen, sliding roof and full equipment, is £198 10 0

IN THE NEWS

"Speed"

Few people nowadays have taken part in a genuine expedition in search of buried Spanish treasure, but such an adventure is one of the many exciting episodes in Sir Malcolm Campbell's eventful life. His biography, aptly entitled "Speed," has just been written by Mr. J. Wentworth Day, and is being published at 12s. 6d. by Messrs. Hutchinson, with a foreword by Earl Howe. In his preface Mr. Wentworth Day says of Sir Malcolm: "He has thrown the inheritance of a brilliant brain, the creation of a lucrative business, the possession of a large fortune, and the risk of his own life completely and without hope of personal gain into the building, designing, and driving of motor cars which have set up more world's land speed records than have ever stood to the credit of any one man before."

Sir Malcolm Campbell's life has been one of constant adventure. There is no need for me to dwell here on his latest and greatest achievement at Daytona. Speed has been his passion even from his earliest youth. I like the story of Campbell—aged seventeen—being fined for travelling at the really remarkable speed of 27 m.p.h. on an ordinary push-bicycle, and I like the magistrate's comment: "We hope this will be a lesson to you not to travel so fast in the future." "Speed" is a book for everyone with youth in their veins—for boys and those others who, like Peter Pan, never grow old, however long their tale of years.

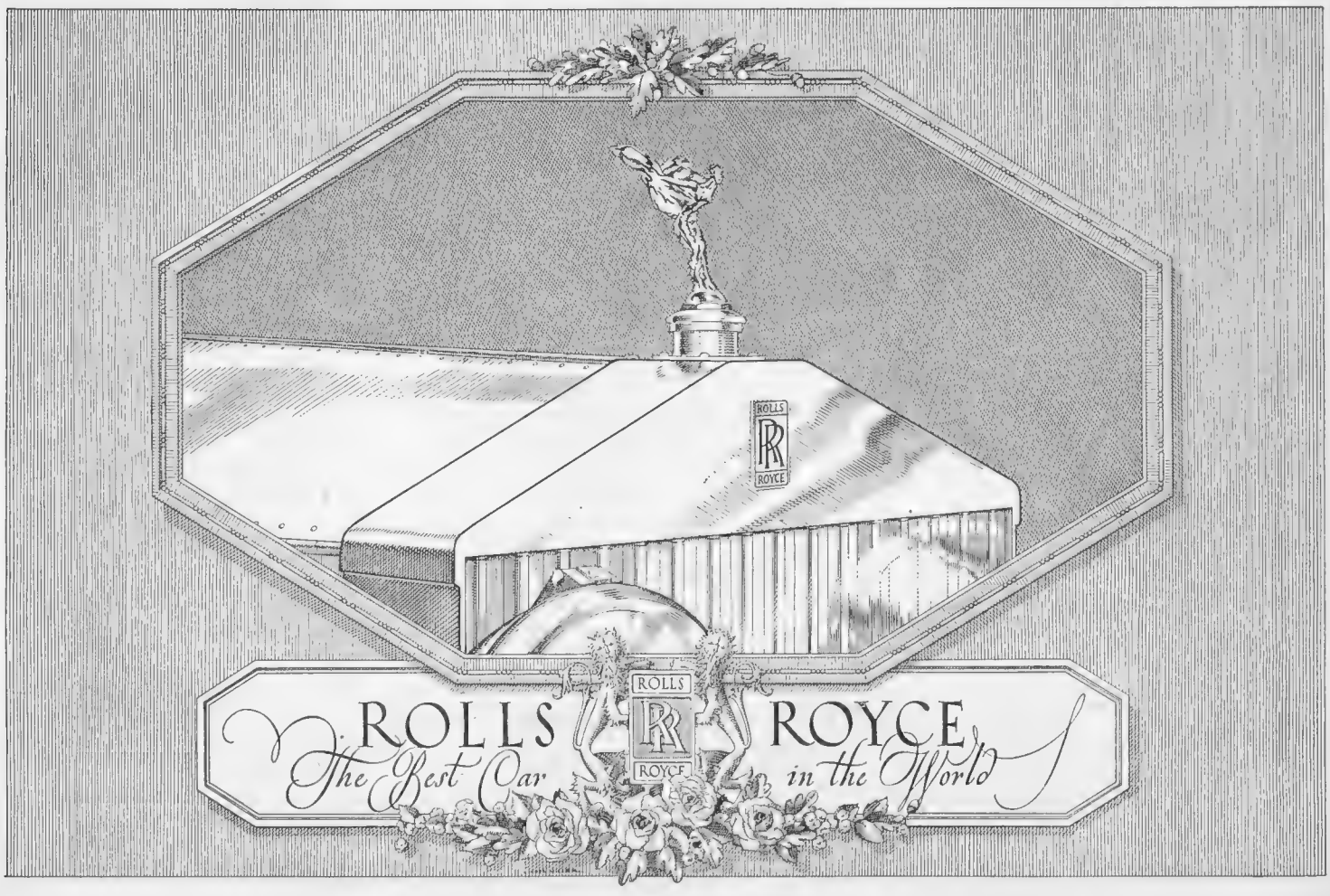
The Fastest Baby

Yet another baby car record!—this time by E. A. D. Eldridge, who attained over 110 m.p.h. in an M.G. Midget at Montlhéry a few days ago. This is the highest speed at which any baby car has been driven. G. E. T. Eyston, who had intended to go for this record, is still in bed suffering from the burns and injuries he received when his car caught fire at Montlhéry a few weeks ago. This is the latest and greatest achievement of the Midget. During the past nine months it has broken many international baby car records—every one of them on Wakefield Castrol oil.

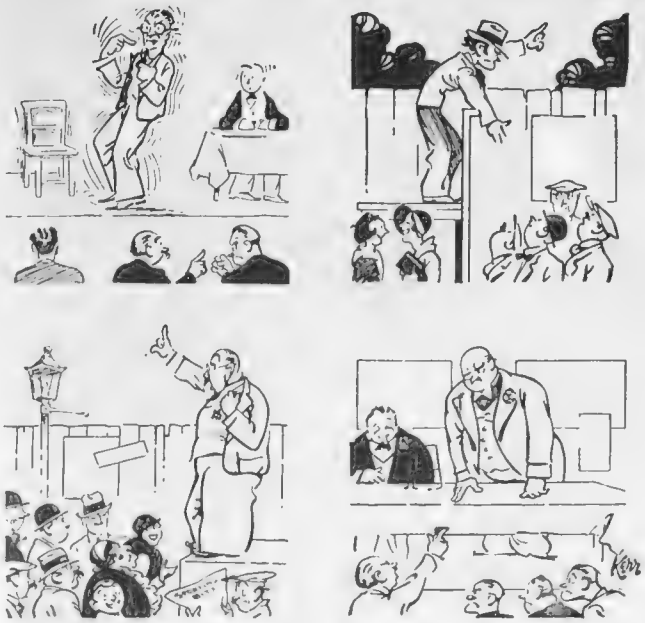
Attractive World Tours

Every motorist has the wanderlust, and before me, as I write, is an attractively illustrated book describing a world tour which leaves London on December 11 and returns at the end of May next year. The route is *via* the Mediterranean, India, and Australia to New Zealand, across the Pacific to Canada, and so home. This tour is being arranged at a moderate inclusive cost by Edward Gray World Tours, Australia House, Strand, W.C.2. Another Edward Gray tour leaves, also on December 11, for the Orient.

E. M. W.



PUBLIC SPEAKERS



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Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.

Your Chemist stocks them.

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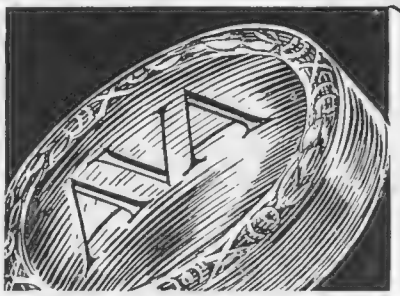

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Guest Size, 3d.

Oatmeal Soap, 4d. Tablet. White Heather Soap, 6d. Tablet. Eau de Cologne from 1/6 bottle. Eau de Cologne Hair Fixative, 1/-

WATCH the wonderful difference Ava Soap makes to your skin. The ingredients in Ava have been specially treated by ultra-violet rays — and that means it gains amazing efficacy to keep your skin fresh and soft and free from skin defects. Silky smooth and enchantingly perfumed with Eau de Cologne, Ava Soap will also delight you with its economy in use.

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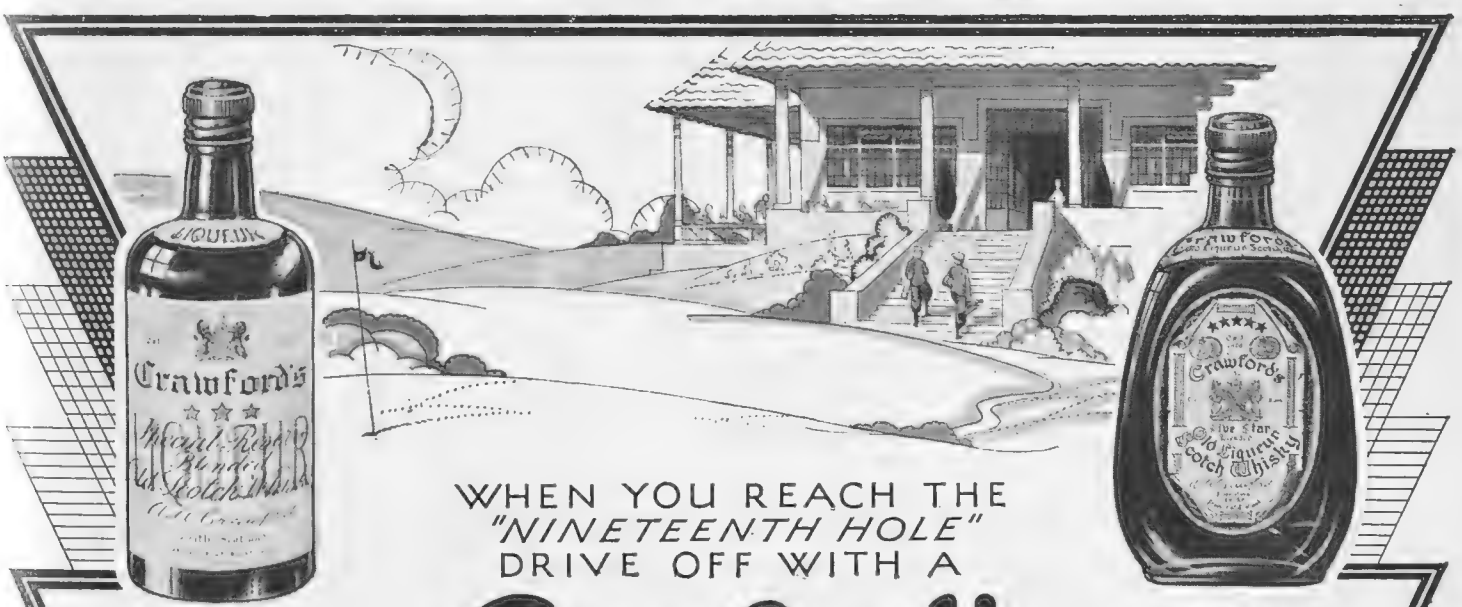

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Show for Sportsmen

"The British Sportsmen's Show" is a novel form of cinematograph entertainment which has been arranged for the special interest of sportsmen and sportswomen all over Great Britain. The programme is well worth seeing, as it embraces all branches of outdoor sport, including golf, lawn tennis, cricket, hockey, lacrosse, running, rugger, horse racing, jumping, trotting, polo, winter sports, motor racing, greyhound racing, swimming, yachting, flying—to mention but a few of the subjects—many of which are shown in slow-motion. "The British Sportsmen's Show," which will be produced in cinema theatres and public halls in the principal cities and towns throughout the land, has been organised by Mr. Basil Johnson, with the assistance of well-known sportsmen, in order to raise funds for Dr. Barnardo's Homes, where over 8,000 destitute children are being cared for.

Where Sunshine Awaits You

What better way could be adopted by those who wish to escape the rigours of an English winter than by taking a long sea cruise to those parts of the world where warmth and sunshine reign supreme? Answer adjudged correct, "None!" The Pacific Line, whose head offices are at Goree, Water Street, Liverpool, and whose London branches are at the R.M.S.P. offices at America House, Cockspur Street, W.1, and Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, are organising a wonderful winter cruise by the luxurious and comfortable M.V. Reina del Pacifico, which will leave Liverpool for South America on January 19, 1932, and will cover over 20,400 miles before returning to England on April 1. Her voyage will take her down the east coast of South America, up the west coast, and home via the Panama Canal and the West Indies. Among the many places of interest to be visited are the principal capital cities of South America, Robinson Crusoe's Island, the Straits of Magellan, the Panama Canal, Jamaica, and Havana. The minimum fares for this wonderful tour are first class £185 and second class £122, and full particulars are obtainable from any of the company's branches.

IN SUNNY JAMAICA

Native women on their way to market in Jamaica, one of the many places of interest to be visited by the M.V. Reina del Pasifico, of the Pacific Line, on her sunshine tour of South America, which starts at Liverpool on January 19, 1932

Now Hunting is at Hand

Messrs. George Parker and Sons (Saddlers), Ltd., of 17, 18, 19, Upper St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2, have a wonderful stock of hunting whips, of which they are the actual makers, and all hunting folk should visit their premises and choose one for the coming season.

A whip of outstanding merit is one of the best whalebone with plaited kangaroo handpart and two stout silver collars, with thong complete, which costs £3 3s. Other notable examples include a whip of plaited kangaroo hide with plaited mounts and thong at 25s. and a similar whip with silver mounts at 30s.

A Welcome Gift

Player's are now insetting a very attractive coloured series of cards illustrating 50 different breeds of dogs. They have assembled them in a frame 24in. by 19in. wide, and will be pleased to send one of these to the secretaries of dog clubs throughout the United Kingdom. Applications should be addressed: John Player and Sons, Castle Tobacco Factory, Nottingham.

Correction

Owing to an error in the information supplied to us the advertisement of the "Art vel" Valerie Coatee in our issue of October 21 stated that it was an exclusive model featured by R. D. Jones and Co., Ltd., of Chester. The name of the firm is actually Richard Jones and Co., Ltd.

FOR HUNTING FOLK

One of the excellent hunting whips made and sold by Messrs. George Parker and Sons, Ltd., of 17-19, Upper St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. Covered in hogskin, with silver mount and thong, it costs 35/-

Only a Cold?

Stop it right away with FORMAMINT, Wulfing Brand.

Formamint destroys the germs in mouth and throat, thus relieving Sore Throat and preventing infectious diseases, such as:

INFLUENZA,
DIPHTHERIA,
SCARLET FEVER, etc.

FORMAMINT

WULFING BRAND

Of all Chemists at 2/6 a bottle.

GENATOSAN Ltd., Loughborough.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
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Cleans carpets & rugs like new. Sold everywhere 9d. ball. Send 1d. stamp for sample. F. Chivers & Co. Ltd., 40 Albany Wks., Bath.

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TRADE MARK

MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

FUR ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS

beautifully executed. West End work at City prices. Highly recommended by "The Lady" and "Queen." Thousands of testimonials (Old Furs taken in part payment for new.)

FUR RENOVATING CO.,
58, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.

Coral Isles are calling you!

Fantastic sea gardens, enchanting crystal caves, gaudy birds and flowers await your discovery in Bermuda. There, mid-ocean breezes give new vigour for sports on land and sea; old-world hospitality makes you warmly welcome. A stay in this old, romantic British colony is the joyful experience of a lifetime. Take your next holiday in this paradise of the Western seas.

Bermuda
Blest Isles of Rest

Write for particulars to The Pacific Steam Navigation Co. Ltd., Goree, Water Street, Liverpool, or The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 320, High Holborn, London, W.C 1.

HENRY HEATH LTD
105·107·109·OXFORD ST.,W.

Model 1426. Stitched rough fur-felt in all the season's shades.
PRICE 21/-
Obtainable from all Agents.

HARVEY NICHOLS

CHOSEN from among the pretty and practical things in the Woven Underwear Department—a Milanese Set with a novel design in net and dainty embroidery. The Princess Slip is cleverly shaped to give ample fullness, yet preserve a very slender silhouette. In pink, peach, malmaison, parchment, new beige, brunette, mushroom, sahara, French grey, or black.

Slip 24/9
Vest to match 14/9
Knicker to match 16/9

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO. LTD. KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

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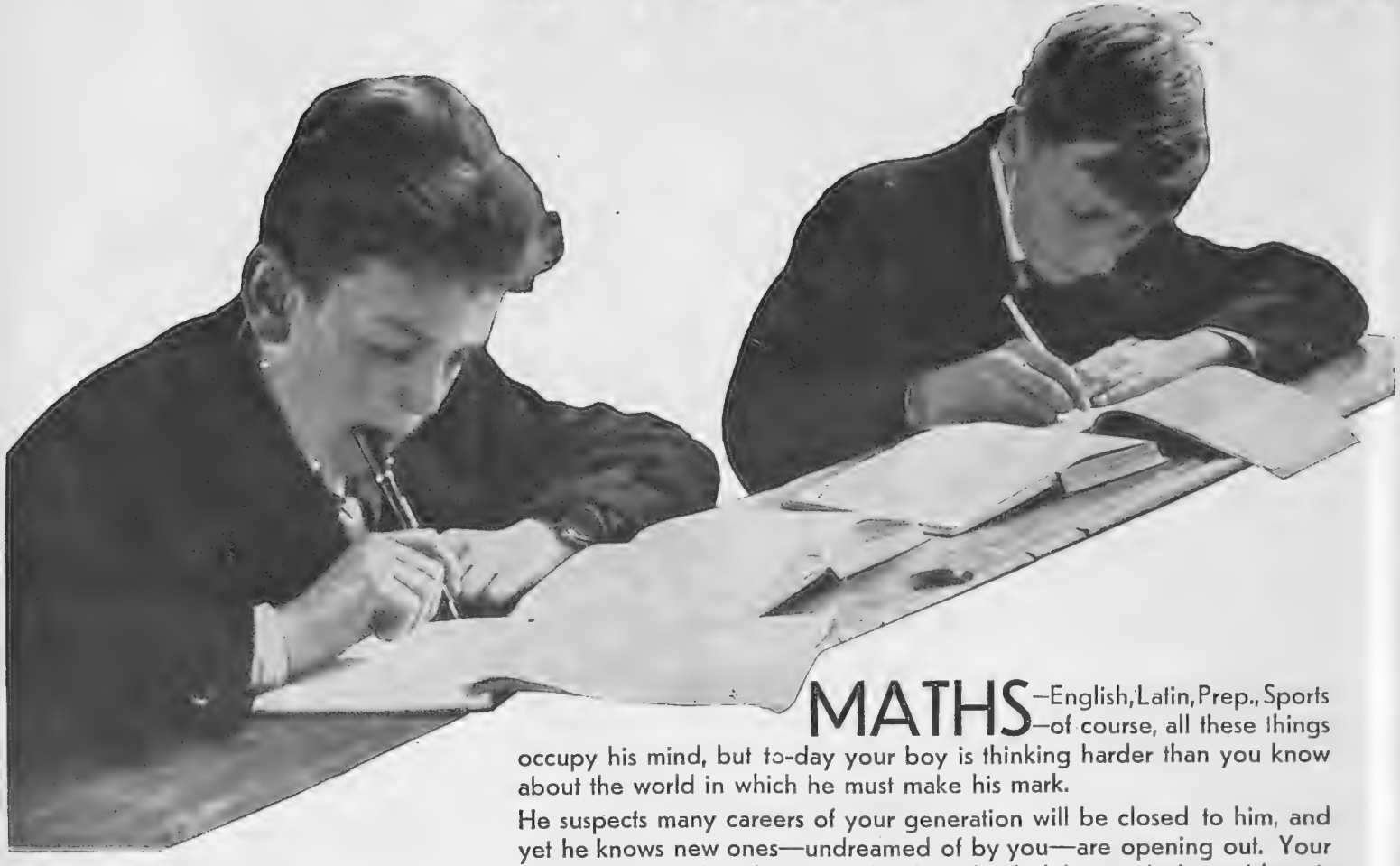
Evening Fashions

706. A beautiful Evening Gown of Romaine with shoulder straps of gold beads. It can be had in several attractive colours. *18 Gns.*

CATALOGUE of AUTUMN FASHIONS sent on request.

PETER ROBINSON LTD., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W.1.

TO THE FATHER *with a* SON *at* PUBLIC SCHOOL



MATHS—English, Latin, Prep., Sports—of course, all these things occupy his mind, but to-day your boy is thinking harder than you know about the world in which he must make his mark.

He suspects many careers of your generation will be closed to him, and yet he knows new ones—undreamed of by you—are opening out. Your boy, watching the cleverest of fathers baffled by to-day's problem is thinking . . . . thinking . . . . thinking, far into the world of HIS day. And yet withal, he is a Boy; keen on mechanics, natural history, science, aviation and all boylike interests.

When school tasks are done, he would appreciate something that will tell him pictorially and authoritatively just what is happening to-day and to-morrow at home and abroad. Pictorial reviews of life in the Public Schools is a new feature with The GRAPHIC, whilst every week profusely illustrated articles deal with hobby subjects of special interest to boys.

Send him The GRAPHIC regularly. He will get it on Friday just before the week-end when there is time for leisure and recreation. To-day The GRAPHIC is the most up-to-date, concise illustrated newspaper that you could place in the hands of any boy—And particularly, YOUR BOY.

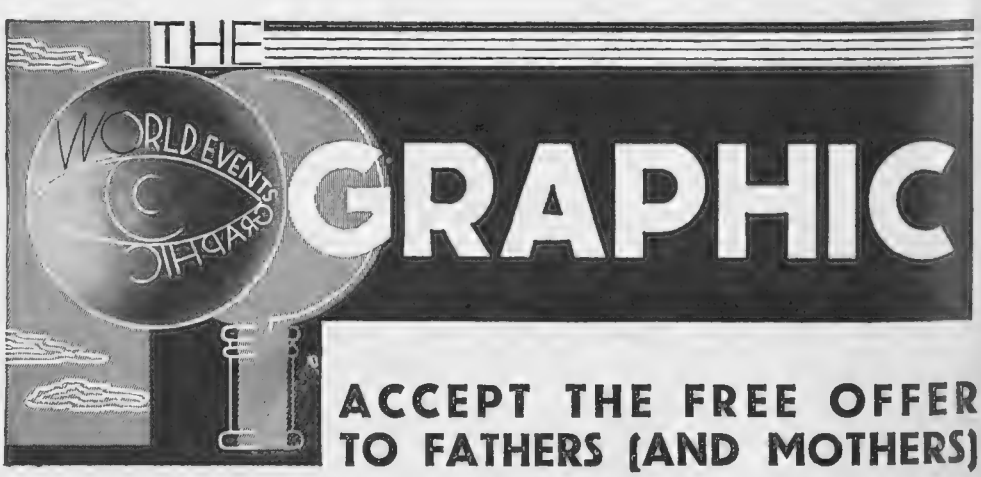
LET US SEND HIM THE GRAPHIC EVERY WEEK

Of course, you can obtain The GRAPHIC from your usual newsagent, but we will gladly despatch by post to your boy every week. When he is at school it will go direct—when he is on vacation it will reach him at home, or wherever you indicate. Alternatively, the Publisher can arrange for the nearest newsagent to the school to deliver The GRAPHIC to your boy each week.

A FREE COPY

On receipt of a request by the parent of any public school boy, The Publisher will send a free copy of The GRAPHIC so that you may see how suitable it is for your boy to read. Headmasters approve of boys reading The GRAPHIC. Please write The Publisher now. Address :—
The Publisher, The GRAPHIC, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

ONE SHILLING



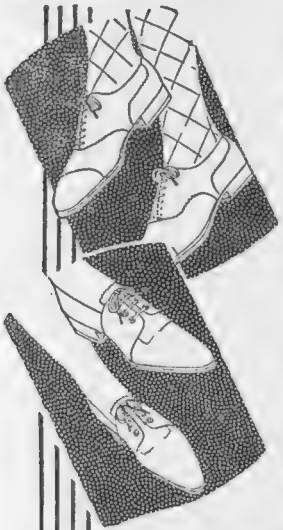
ACCEPT THE FREE OFFER TO FATHERS (AND MOTHERS)

"NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT MADE GLORIOUS SUMMER . . ."

To those of our swallows who are prevented this year from making their Autumnal flight, let us suggest that this detention on their own shores will by no means prove the ordeal it is—not, however, so commonly nowadays—supposed to be.
For one thing, it will not be a social sin to be found in Britain this Autumn and Winter; and those who have consistently advocated Torquay and the English Riviera as the only Winter Resort worth while will at long last come into their own—if they are not done out of it by the exceptionally large number of people booking up at the

PALACE HOTEL TORQUAY

Sun Lounge, Golf, Tennis, Croquet, Bowls, Squash, Badminton, Swimming, Gymnasium, Dancing, Cinema, Entertainments included in the terms.

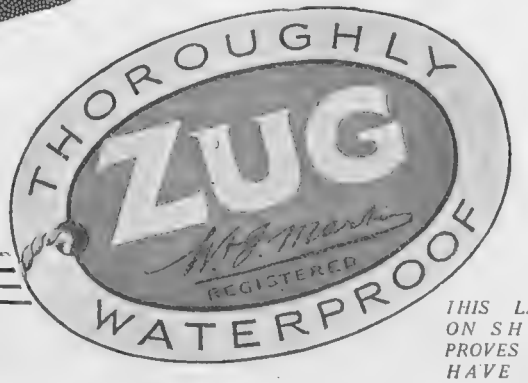


Martin's ZUG LEATHER

DURABLE, PLIABLE AND WATERPROOF

Shoes which have uppers of Zug leather are supremely comfortable. They yield to the foot, keep out the wet, and always remain supple and soft without the use of oil or dubbin. For walking and sports, Zug is the perfect choice. Ask to see the many well-known makes of shoes for men and women which feature Zug uppers.

W. & J. MARTIN, Tanners, GLASGOW.



THIS LABEL ON SHOES PROVES YOU HAVE IT!

Ask IS IT A ZUG UPPER?

PETER ROBINSON

Evening Clothes.

DINNER SUITS.

Tailored to Order	*from* 9 Gns.
Ready-to-Wear	6, 7, 8 *and* 9 Gns.
Dinner Jackets	5 Gns.

DRESS SUITS.

Tailored to Order	*from* 11 Gns.
Ready-to-Wear. In fine quality Worsted Barathea Coatings.	
Dress Coats	7 Gns.
Dress Trousers	45/-
Cheaper quality Dress Suits, complete	7½ Gns.
White Vests	10/6 *to* 21/-

Catalogue of Men's Clothes sent on request.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., Oxford Street, W.1.

Quick Relief!

FOR rashes, eczema and all forms of itching, burning, disfiguring skin irritations. Bathe with **Cuticura Soap** and hot water, dry, and anoint with **Cuticura Ointment.** Relief comes at once and healing soon follows. **Cuticura Preparations** are essential to every household.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Shaving Stick 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1. Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

Cuticura Ointment

Stop that cold with

VAPEX

(REG. TRADE MARK)

INHALANT

Don't pay the price of negligence

In spite of the danger and yearly toll of the common cold it is the most neglected of common ailments. In spite of the fatal results, the physical disability and the huge financial loss of £20,000,000 a year incurred by this serious complaint, it is generally treated as of little account.

Colds may lead to influenza, pneumonia, bronchitis, etc. They weaken the resistance of the system against other diseases and impair the normal, healthy functioning of the body. Yet the prevention of colds is so simple and the treatment — if applied in time—so effective and pleasant. A drop of Vapex on the handkerchief inhaled often during the day clears the breathing passages and destroys the cold germs before they enter the tissues. It stops a cold by going to the seat of the cold. It develops resistance by gently stimulating the respiratory system. And at night-time, put a drop of Vapex on each end of your pillow, and you'll have comfort and protection while you sleep.

Of Chemists 2/- and 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V72

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Chesieres-Villars. — Hotel Belvedere. — Every rm. a sunny rm., with bal. run'g h. & c. water. Ex. cooking. Fm. 12 sh. Incl.

Crans S/Sierre.—4,500 ft. Simplon Line. **Golf et Sports Hotel.** 100 rooms, 50 with bath. From 16 fs. incl. All winter sports.

Crans S/Sierre.—Rhodania Hotel. The latest and most up-to-date in Crans. Moderate prices.

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Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—Facing Lake and Mont Blanc. Up to date. Select and quiet. Inclusive from Fs. 18.

Glion.—Grand Hotel and Righi Vaudois.—In large garden park overlooking Lake Geneva. Terms fm. 14.50. Tennis. Garages.

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Lausanne.—The Belvedere Hotel.—1st cl. fam. hotel. Hot and cold running water. Priv. bathroom. Incl. terms, Frs. 13 to 18.

Lausanne.—Grand Hotel de la Paix.—Beautifully situated, splendid view on lake and Alps. Restaurant Grill. Echenard, Mgr.

Morgins.—Hotel Victoria.—New propr. 1st cl. fam. hotel in right spot for winter sports. Cent. heat. Fr. 10s. incl.

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COLISEUM (Charing Cross). (Phone: Temple Bar 3161)

SIR OSWALD STOLL presents ERIK CHARELL'S

"WHITE HORSE INN"

A PLAY WITH MUSIC AND DANCE. Daily 2.30 and 8.15.

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A wonderfully quiet and well-managed hotel fitted with every modern convenience, newly decorated, and occupying the finest position on the sea front. Central and electric heating. Hot and cold water in all the 100 bedrooms. Passenger lift to all floors. Splendid dance hall. Good English food and famous chef. From 4½ guineas.

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On the site of the first Taunton Castle built by King Ina, A.D. 688-726. Established as a Hotel 300 years. Touring centre of the South West of England. Radiator and Hot and Cold running water in all Bedrooms. Fully licensed. Garage 20 Cars. English Food. Single Room, 7/6 to 11/6. Double Room, 15/- to 25/-. En pension terms: October-March (inc.), 15/- day; April-June (inc.), 18/- day; July-September (inc.), 21/- day, 3 days minimum. Special long period Winter terms from £4 4s. weekly.

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Antwerp.—Century Hotel.—600 rooms with bath. Roof Garden. Theatre Rest. Dancing Chantilly. Telegr. Centurotel.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres. 58, Avenue de Keyser. The most modern and the best clientele.

Brussels, Place Rogier.—Grand Hotel Albert Ier & Terminus-Nord.—1st Grade, Entirely New. Tel. Ad.: Terminord, Bruxelles.

FRANCE.

Cannes.—Hôtel Beau Site.—300 rooms with bath. 6 private tennis courts free. Dancing nightly. Beautiful grounds.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine&cellar. Phone ev.rm. V.lge.garden.

Juan-les-Pins (A.M.)—"Le Provencal."—Europe's most distinguished hotel. Open all the sunny year round. Casino.

Juan-les-Pins (Riviera).—Palais Wilson. £ accepted at the best rate. Board fr. 8/6. Fam. cuisine. Also small flats, bath & kitchen, fr. £5-14 monthly.

Marseilles.—Grand Hotel de Geneve. Restaurant overlooking Vieux Port. Moderate terms. Every comfort.

FRANCE—*continued*

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Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

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Schwarzer Bock.—The best renowned hotel and bath-house Kochbrunnen. 280 beds. All comfort. Inclusive from Mk. 10.

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Berne.—Bellevue Palace and Bernerhof.—The only first-class Hotel overlooking river and Bernese Alps. Manager, F. Eggiman.

"I heard of them first at the Vicarage

—forget just how it started—something one of the Henderson girls said about stockingless tennis, I think. Anyway, then someone began raving about Aristoc—how nice they were and how marvellously they lasted and so on. So next time, I remembered and got Aristoc myself—these I'm wearing—and they really are quite remarkable . . . Well, these were 8/11 and they're just what I want."

• 4/11 TO 12/6

Aristoc

The Aristocrat of Silk Stockings

is made in England.

• **Aristoc are sold in a range of prices, a specially popular type being priced at 8/11.**

Sole Distributors to the trade for the British Isles:

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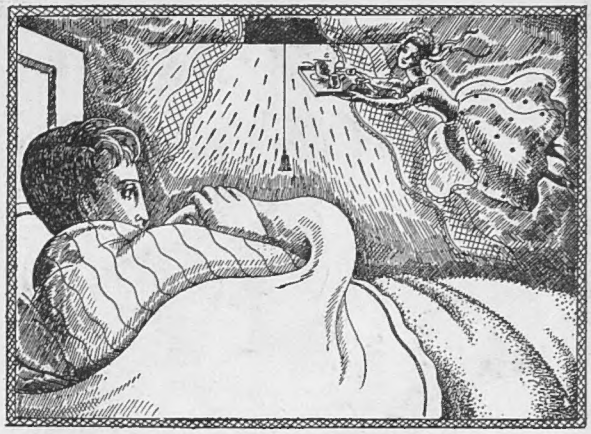


'Your tea, Sir'

What's that? . . . Someone moving about the room. Letting in splashes of light. Being horribly energetic. Fussing. Whereas you are a warm ball of beatitude. You could lie here motionless for ever. It hasn't been sleep: it has been oblivion; from the moment you got into bed.

On pushing back the bedclothes to get at the tea, you see, on the edge of things, a little silk label. 'Earlywarm All Wool Blankets. Made by Early's of Witney.'

So they have been the cause of the delicious night? W-ell, in common decency you can't leave them just yet: wouldn't be fair—or in the least convenient. Not yet . . . .

E. P. L.-B.

THE **EARLYWARM** LABEL

FOR WHICH PLEASE LOOK

WEAVE TRUTH WITH TRUST
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
EARLYWARM
ALL WOOL
WITNEY BLANKETS
MADE BY
EARLY'S *of* WITNEY

OF GOOD DRAPERS EVERYWHERE

'Fireworks'—

—a New & Fashionable Entertainment in 1770

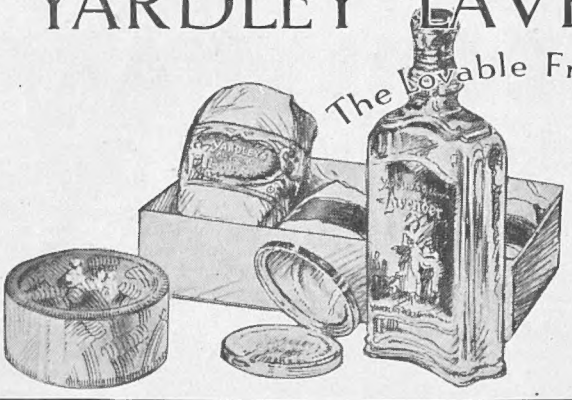
Wherever you go—wherever beauty and rank and fashion foregather, the exquisite fragrance of the Yardley Lavender will greet you.

For the Matinée, the Thé Dansant—the daily round of social engagements, of sport and of pastime, Lavender is so delightfully attuned to the occasion—wistful—winsome—lovable fragrance.

No other Lavender can equal the charm of the famous Yardley Lavender.

YARDLEY LAVENDER

The Lovable Fragrance



SPRINKLER TOP BOTTLES *from 2/6 to 16/6*
FANCY STOPPERED BOTTLES ,, *6/3 to 70/-*

ALSO

Lavender Soap—'The Luxury Soap of the World' 2/6 *a box of three tablets, Face Powder 1/9, Compact Face Powder 2/-, Face Cream 1/6, English Complexion Cream 3/-, Bath Salts 2/6, etc.*

Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs & Stores

YARDLEY 33 Old Bond Street LONDON

If it's in *BRITANNIA* AND *EVE* it's GOOD

Whether it be a short story, an article upon a modern-day topic, a fashion page, or a suggestion for a brighter home, if it's in BRITANNIA & EVE it's good.

Every month more and more people are discovering this new style magazine — the most remarkable shillingsworth ever published. There's enough to read for a month.

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"TWILIGHT OF A MONEY BARON" *by C. Patrick Thompson*
"THERE AND BACK AGAIN" *by Viola Tree*
"THE CROWN OF THORNS" *by The Baroness Sophie Buxhœveden*
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WOMEN'S GOLF SECTION *conducted by Eleanor E. Helme*
THE CHILDREN'S SALON
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"TWENTY-FOUR HOURS: DAYS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY: THE SINKING OF THE REPUBLIC" *Described by Gordon Beckles*
"TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES OF HISTORY: THE STORY OF MANUEL GODOY" *described by Norman Hill, painted by F. Matania, R.I.*
"TAKING THE BRITISH DRAMA FOR A RIDE" *by Hannen Swaffer*
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"DINING ROOMS WITH A DIFFERENCE" *by Derek Patmore*
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SMART NEW WOOLLIES FOR THE WINTER SEASON
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"THE HARMFUL EFFECT OF TOO MANY CLOTHES" *by Peggy Winifred Yeomans*
"NOAH'S ARK FIGURES" *by Rosamund Martin*
A JUMPER AND A WOOLLEN RING NECKLACE TO MATCH
"THE LION'S SHARE" *by Phyllis Bottome*
BOOKS *reviewed by Arnold Palmer*
"PARADISE CALLING!" *by Jane Doe*
WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH
"COOKERY AT EASE" *by Winifred Lewis*
"PIES, PASTRY AND SWEETS" *by A. H. Adair*
"FISH LUNCHEONS" *by Mrs. Sam Sloan*
"INVALID COOKERY" *by C. Hughes Hallett*
HOME CLEANING AND DYING
"DEEP BREATHING AND RELAXATION" *by Leonard Henslowe*
RHEUMATICS
"BEAUTY GOES TO THE HEAD" *by "Chrysis"*
THE MOTORING SECTION *conducted by The Earl of Cardigan*

She refused to allow him to see any woman younger than herself.

A story to read and re-read

MANUEL GODOY

described by Norman Hill, painted by F. Matania, R.I.

"This young man felt in his pocket for the letter of introduction which his father had given to him to one of the ladies-in-waiting at the court, together with the certificate of nobility, without which no cavalier had much hopes of success in the most conservative and narrow-minded of all the palaces in Europe. He wished there were more coins in his purse, and sighed as he handed over his horse to the ostler at the poor inn where he decided to obtain lodging for the night.

Such was the undistinguished arrival of Manuel Godoy to the capital of Spain. Few men who were to leave their stamp on history began their careers so unobtrusively. Certainly no one in Madrid that hot afternoon dreamed for a moment that this young nobleman from Estremadura was to become the most hated man of his day, and was to leave behind him a reputation which would be execrated even a hundred and thirty years after his death. On the contrary, Madrid just smiled its usual languid smile. The matrons in the streets looked straight before them. The men in their coloured coats ogled from the shadows of the white walls in the way that the men of Madrid do to this day. The youth of the city went to the bull ring. Incredibly dirty beggars beseeched the gift of small coins at the steps of the churches.

Manuel Godoy drank a bottle of wine in a small tavern and looked out on the scene before him. He had never seen a great city before. In the course of a day or two the young man presented his letter of introduction to the camarista who was acquainted with his father. She took one glance at the document and another at the homespun clothes of young Godoy. . . ."

Everybody says there's nothing quite like

BRITANNIA AND EVE

THE NEW STYLE MAGAZINE — ONE SHILLING

Sir Edward . . .
the Enthusiastic
member of "the House"–

–STUART HOUSE
and the Policy that built it!

"DUGGIE is renowned for the liberality of his terms and scrupulous fairness to all his clients, and everyone knows he is as safe and reliable as the Bank of England."

—*The Tatler*

"YEAR after year I have placed on record my faith in the integrity and fair dealing of Douglas Stuart . . . I have nothing to regret and nothing to amend in my recommendation."—GEOFFREY GILBEY

(*"Tattenham," The Sunday Express*)

Write to-day and open a credit account

DOUGLAS STUART "STUART HOUSE" LONDON

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